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AUGUST

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A Monthly Reel of Laughs



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"A DOG'S LIFE"

VIRTUE IN THE BALLET



Of all the witches and semi-witches of that eternal Walpurgis Night that represents the world, the ladies of the ballet have at all times and in all places been regarded as least like saints.

Whenever a new, youthful dancer appeared at the Paris Opera House the *habitués* vied with each other in showering her with attentions and in overwhelming her with a veritable broadside of Cupid's artillery.

For how could these young and pretty girls with every right to life, love and pleasure, and subsisting on a very small salary, resist the seduction of the smell of flowers and of the glitter of jewels?

She had the voluptuous form of a Greek Helen and she took the old guard of the Opera House by storm. The very next morning a perfect shower of *billets-doux*, jewels, and bouquets fell into the poor dancer's modest apartment.

He was a rich stockbroker, one of those "generous gentlemen," if the object of his momentary fancy was young and pretty and apparently unsophisticated. And then there was another, who sent no diamonds, and not even flowers, but who was young and goodlooking, though poor, and who worshipped her from afar until that memorable night—but read the whole story for yourself as Maupassant tells it—an amusing story that is a gem of art and irony, a story with an unexpected ending that will do your heart good, and found with all Maupassant's other inimitable stories, his novels, his poems and dramas, in this superb *VERDUN EDITION* of

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The petty meannesses of human nature and the passions—lust and cupidity—which stir most men and women to action did not stay Maupassant's impartial hand so long as this ugly side of humanity existed. Pitiless as is his art, at times he surprises us with a touch of tender pathos in which we recognize the warm heart of a fellowman.

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JUL 11 1918



THE DREAM—AFTER THE MOVIES

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Best Interests of All Motion Picture Art and Artists

AUGUST—1918

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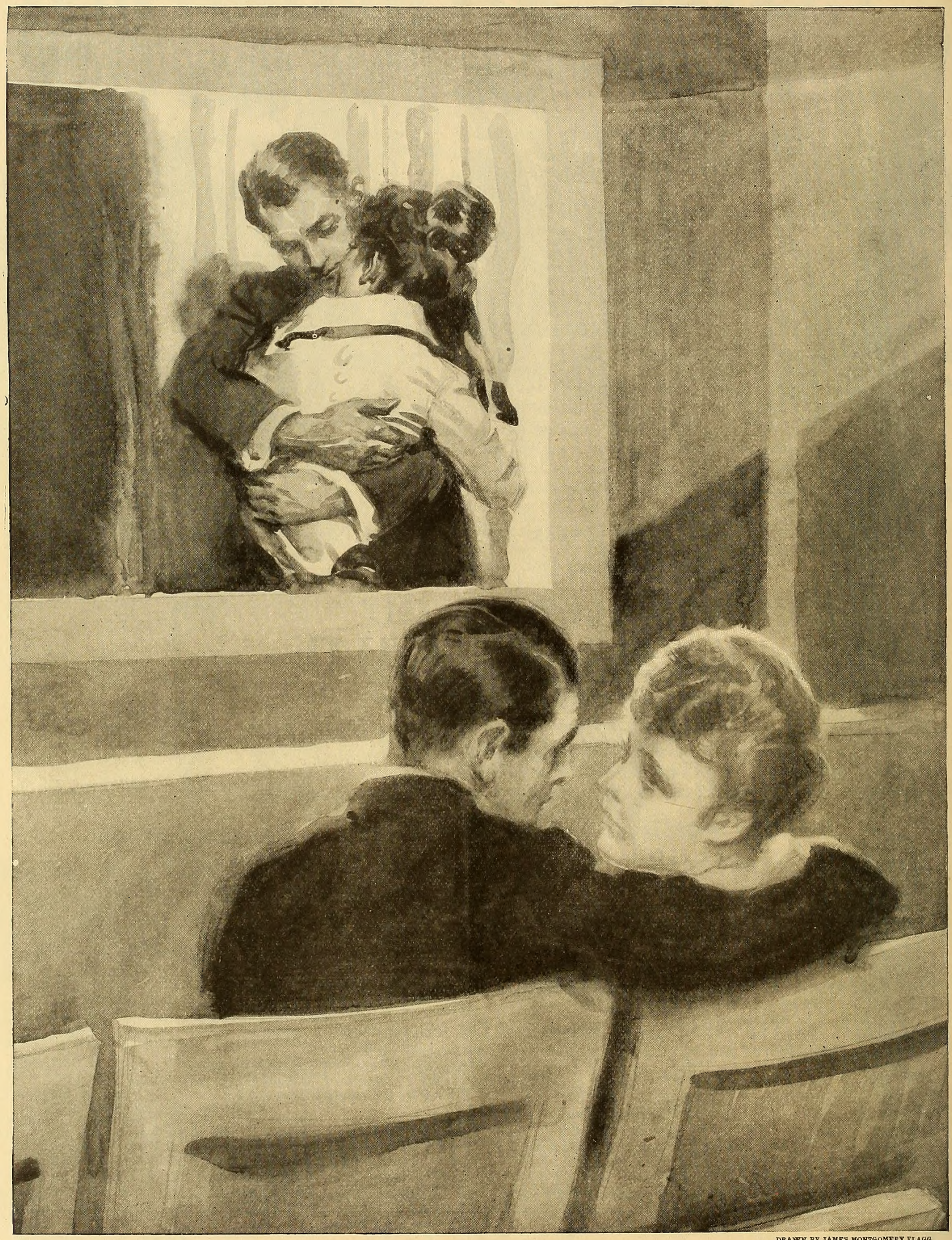
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DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

REEL LOVERS

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

EVERY "extra" thinks Genius climbs the steep stairs to success, while Luck goes up in the elevator.

A scenario writer killed himself because his plays were not accepted. Ah, if only some—(You finish it!)

A strong five-reeler depicting the ravages of rum will make more converts than six Billy Sundays.

Eileen Percy denies she has married Otto Busch, Anhauser Busch or any other Busch. There's still a chance, fellows.

Joy Note: Marguerite Clark is to play both *Topsy* and *Little Eva* in Paramount's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A bit of art in black and white.

Do actresses enjoy themselves? Sometimes much. Frinstance, Enid Bennett had a regular circus in "The Biggest Show on Earth."

Titles are often queer, sometimes weird, and occasionally just nutty. For instance, the story of "Intelligence" is laid in a German beer garden. Ach, Himmel! by such a Blace, it couldn't!

William S. Hart has left the Drys and joined the Wets. Which is our way of stating that he has quit desert pictures and is to produce some sea stuff. But, damp or dry, he'll be the same ol' Bill.

Fatty Arbuckle's heft being against and on him, he was placed in Class Five by his Los Angeles Registration Board. Guess the only way Roscoe can butt into the big scrap is to enlist as ballast for one of the transports.

Paramount has a new staress who bears the nippy name of "Cuddles" Lee. We tremble lest it creates a fad, and they'll all be doing it. Wear your regular name, "Cuddles"—which is Lila, and very, very pretty.

Metro's "With Neatness and Dispatch" has the first "butlerette." This may or may not be a useful hint to householders. Adele Barker, who plays the part and likes it, claims the first qualification is weight, and 250 pounds is the minimum.

We have seen many hilarious sights during our gay and festive career, but Mary Pickford in muff and goggles on the hind seat of the motor cycle in "Amarilly"—say, if you saw the picture, we *dare* you to think of that scene without laffing!

In a magazine article leading staresses unloosen their ideas of their ideal man. All of them seem to seek a person of he-perfection, but one of them—Polly Moran—asks for the utterly impossible. Her ideal guy is one who can change an auto tire without swearing.

E. H. Allen, Will Hart's business manager, sent a purchasing agent into the land of the Zuni for buckskin chaps, beadwork and moccasins for a pending picture. He says that's all wrong about "Low, the poor Indian," but the goods were gorgeous and worth all they cost.

A character actor who claims to know says, "One should always have their characterization thoroughly established in their mind before commencing work," etc. He doesn't say so, but we believe he writes for the guidance of students of motion picture schools of acting.

In "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop" Edith Storey leaves the village wearing a straw lid embellished with cherries. Three years later she returns wearing the same bonnet, and the cherries are still there. Hoover should give Edie a medal for saving 'em so long.

Viola Dana, being of a saving disposition, did not discard the voluminous overalls she wore in "Blue Jeans." She had 'em tailored down to her size, and then made a garden to wear 'em in. The garden is not much larger than a handkerchief, but Viola claims it is awf'ly deep. Runs clear down to China.

When "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin," appeared in Emporia, Kan., a fervid patriot in the audience arose in anger and the darkness and plunked three bullets into the screen Kaiser's anatomy. The newspapers played the story big, until it was learned the gunful gent was simply trying to do the right thing by the piano player. Then everybody lost interest.



FOX

SUMMER IS TRYING ON THE COMPLEXION

Virginia Lee Corbin, four-year-old film star, on Guard against the Freckle.



FOX UNDERWOOD PHOTO

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Ambition burns in lureful Theda's breast,
Ambition secret, therefore more intense.
She tears her hair (the camera tells it best);
Her eyes betray her seething soul's suspense.

Wouldst know the nature of her dearest wish?
Wouldst know the boon she craves of fickle fate?
Attend and listen; this is her ambish:
To change the Empire to the Vampire State.

EDITORIAL

Elevate the Screen Picture

THE SUCCESS of "The Blue Bird" should encourage the Artcraft people to secure more literary work of a high standard for screen portrayal. The other day I was talking with a professor of the University of California, the father of three children, about the movies. He was quite enthusiastic as to their great value in a child's education and pleasure. The difficult part was, he contended, in their non-reliability. His children were never allowed to see a picture that either he or his wife did not previously see. He spoke so happily and so gratefully of "The Blue Bird" and "The Seven Swans," it seems unfortunate that there are so few like them.

Vogue of the Motion Picture

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the New York *Dramatic Mirror* has changed owners, and hereafter will be devoted entirely to the movies, with a complete elimination of all other theatrical features, indicates the trend of the times as to the relative popularity of the movies and the spoken drama.

The time was, only nine short years ago, that not a word could be found between the covers of this same paper regarding the then struggling, insignificant motion picture. Frank Woods, who was at that time on the staff of the *Dramatic Mirror*, became interested in the movies, and gradually, largely through Mr. D. W. Griffith's entreaties and Mr. Woods's slowly growing interest, a few pages in the back of the magazine were turned over to the reviews of movies. Mr. Woods himself then turned his hand to writing scenarios and wrote a series of "Jones" pictures, relating the adventures of "Mr. and Mrs. Jones." He is now the head of the scenario department of the Jesse Lasky Feature Film Co.

There is at present no paper devoted to the interests of the spoken drama only. There are a dozen, at least, devoted to the movies. If people did not buy them, they would not be, so there is the proof of the pudding.

Not "Taps," but "Reveille"

S. RANKIN DREW'S name heads the Roll of Honor of film folks who have given to the utmost, even life itself, that liberty may live.

But twenty-seven years old, the only son of Sidney Drew, he was a gifted and successful actor, and also a director in pictures. At the earliest opportunity he volunteered for war work in France, and before the United States entered the conflict drove an ambulance while he qualified for the aviation service, in which he met death in a flight over the German lines. Surely he is not dead—this friend. The final flight of brave, true, free souls like his and Castle's and all the others of the glorious company should set at rest forever all doubts about immortality. God is just, and they will live as long as the ideal of freedom, for which they willingly sacrificed all, endures in the human heart. "Greater love hath no man than this."



Linda A. Griffith

(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.)

Comments and Criticisms *of a* Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

Some Nuisances of the Movies

THAT entertaining writer, Homer Croy, contributes to the "Sun Dial" of the New York *Evening Sun* a few "interesting facts about the movies." Mr. Croy, having recently made a close study of them, offers the following as his observations:

667 people are actively engaged in imitating Charlie Chaplin.

12,201 cigarettes are smoked daily in motion picture plays.

99,221 people get into automobiles in motion pictures every night of the year.

99,221 people get out of automobiles in motion pictures every night of the year.

2,223 artists' models are ruined nightly.

30,123 pies are used daily in the making of motion picture comedies in the United States alone.

14,444 times daily, year in and year out, the sub-title "With the Morning" flashes on the screen.

14,444 times daily, year in and year out, the sub-title "That Night" flashes on the screen.

As one who has acted in the movies, written scenarios, produced them, supplied sub-titles and studied the films for ten years past, I not only approve but heartily enjoy Mr. Croy's facetious remarks. Many producers and movie actors are "wise" to the pernicious use of the cigarette, the overworked auto, the ruined artists' models and the sub-titles "That Night" and "With the Morning," so Mr. Croy cannot "pick" on them. As concerns the auto, it is now almost as much a part of modern, everyday life as the morning bath. Its use in the movie can be defended, therefore. The pie slinging, except when practiced by the only Chaplin, might well be dispensed with. And the cigarettes! Wouldn't it be a fine idea if the movie people would start a "Smoke Fund," like the *Sun's*, for the soldiers, and every time an actor wanted to get the effect of appearing nonchalant or thoughtful or as though he owned ten million and took it calmly, have him deposit the cigarette in a box, which, when filled, could be sent to the *Sun's* Smoke Fund? It would be a double charity. The soldier boys couldn't possibly get more enjoyment from the cigarettes so saved than the spectator, who would thereby be relieved from watching on the screen the continual "puff, puff, puff," of the movie actors.

Most every producer can plead guilty to the 14,444 times he has used the sub-titles "That Night" and "With the Morning"—but if Mr. Croy will forgive answering his genial fun poking with a serious reply, I would ask, did he, or anyone for that matter, ever read a theater program that did not specify the lapse of time between scenes or acts? The programs of motion pictures could not very well contain such an announcement as "Between the 365th and 366th scene twelve hours elapse." So what is to be done about it? I have encouraged a headache more than once wondering what could be used in place of "That Night," "Later," "A Few Years Elapse," "Months Roll By," "With the Morning," "Eventide" and "Sun Up." Time lapses must be noted in the movies as much as in the play—and it has to be done in a different manner. But this is almost sermonizing on "The Limitations and Crudenesses of the Movies." That is not my intent. These few expressions were called forth in appreciation of Mr. Croy's humorous remarks about the movies.

De Mille and "The Whispering Chorus"

Cecil B. De Mille is a modest man! In an announcement regarding his production of "The Whispering



PARAMOUNT

(Left)—"The Whispering Chorus" is a morbid story, but the end dispels the gloom.

(Right) — Mary Pickford, as Amarilly, the little slavey, does excellent work.



PARAMOUNT

Chorus," his press agent says: "Cecil B. De Mille has produced more wonders in motion pictures than any other living director." No knowledge of the sudden demise of D. W. Griffith, Edgar Lewis, Raoul Walsh and Maurice Tourneur has been forthcoming up to the time of writing. Producers as well as actors might happily modify the extravagant remarks about them that continually greet one in the public print. *Facts* are *realities*. It is not a reality that "Mr. De Mille has produced more wonders than any other living director." Without these conceits, one would more freely grant that "The Whispering Chorus" is a very fine film play. The scenario is well put together; the direction and acting are of the best. The story is moral, the dominating theme being self-sacrifice. Although the story is morbid and depressing, the end dispels the general gloom. It leaves one with the comforting thought that the dissolution of the body is not the death of the soul. There is a lesson for all in "The Whispering Chorus," and that lesson is to obey one's better impulses and reject the promptings of the devil that continually struggle to get a foothold in, or rather to dominate, mortal man. The audience might well be spared the harrowing scenes of the electrocution. They add nothing to the artistic merits of the picture.

A Rising Star

Some four years ago I saw a motion picture, the name of which I have forgotten. I recall the circumstance on account of one of the players, a young woman, and the part she portrayed, that of a simple country girl. She had



PARAMOUNT

"Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" is a sweet, pretty story, well acted, directed, and presented.



Gladys Brockwell, in "The Devil's Wheel," proves that she is possessed of intelligence, magnetism and fine dramatic feeling.

INTERNATIONAL

Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purveyance, in "The Count."

intelligence, magnetism and fine dramatic feeling. I looked at my program to see who she might be, and her name was Gladys Brockwell. I forgot the incident. I forgot the girl. I wondered what had happened to her. When Raoul Walsh's great picture, "The Honor System," was produced, there was a part of a demi-monde in it, that was so splendidly acted I looked at my program to see who the actress might be. To my surprise it was Gladys Brockwell! Her "make-up" and characterization were in such striking contrast to the part she had played in the other picture in which I had seen her that I did not recall her on her appearance in "The Honor System." Miss Brockwell is now a "Fox" star, and one of her late releases was "The Devil's Wheel"—a stupid, impossible story, very badly directed. Miss Brockwell did as well as could be expected of the cleverest actress under the circumstances. It seems a pity to waste such good material as Gladys Brockwell, for she certainly was being wasted in "The Devil's Wheel." She is one of the few women who can play more than their own vapid personalities. Give her a fair chance! Even Theda Bara might have to look to her laurels!



"Her One Mistake" permits Gladys Brockwell to enact a double role and in many scenes both characters are in action on the screen at one time.

The Genius of Charlie Chaplin

When the day is dark and cold and dreary, be thankful for Charlie Chaplin. When the sun is shining brightly and cheer and pleasantness obtain, give thanks for Charlie Chaplin. The long-awaited picture, the first from his own new million-dollar studio, has arrived. "A Dog's Life," it is called. It seems the exhibitors fussed a bit about paying an additional 25 per cent. for this picture, which overran the usual 2,000 feet by an additional 700 or more. As it was in the contracts that anything over 2,000 feet would mean an extra charge of 25 per cent., why were the exhibitors peeved? Considering the mobs that were on hand at the theaters as early as six-thirty p. m. in order to get a seat, and the hundreds that had the doors closed in their eager faces

and patiently waited in the cold entrance way for the second running of the picture, and considering the excellence of this Chaplin picture, why need anyone be peeved? The audience even endured without protestation (perhaps some slept—you couldn't have blamed them if they did) the most stupid, deadly dull five-reel picture, a Triangle feature, which preceded the Chaplin film in the San Francisco theater that I attended. This, I presume, was good business judgment on the part of the house manager to cut down expenses by securing a cheap picture to fill out the bill and even up for the Chaplin film. The audience survived this Triangle picture only in the hope of what was coming. One flash on the screen of their beloved "Charles," and they immediately "came to."

"A Dog's Life" shows what Chaplin can do as actor, author and manager. Chaplin is not only the one genuine comique the screen has produced. He has dramatic ability as well. In one of his early pictures he gave a hint of this in a pathetic scene, not much more than a pause and a droop of the head. It told volumes. In "A Dog's Life" the pathetic note is there, but Chaplin is too wise to think the public will ever accept him in serious roles. The public will keep him where they want him, as the one gloriously funny man of the screen. But though "funny man of the screen" he is destined to ever be, he is withal a genius. He is the one movie actor universally admired by the young and old, from children to their grandparents, enjoyed in equal measure by men of intellect and the carrier of hod, by sedate matrons and giggly girls.

"Hearts of the World"

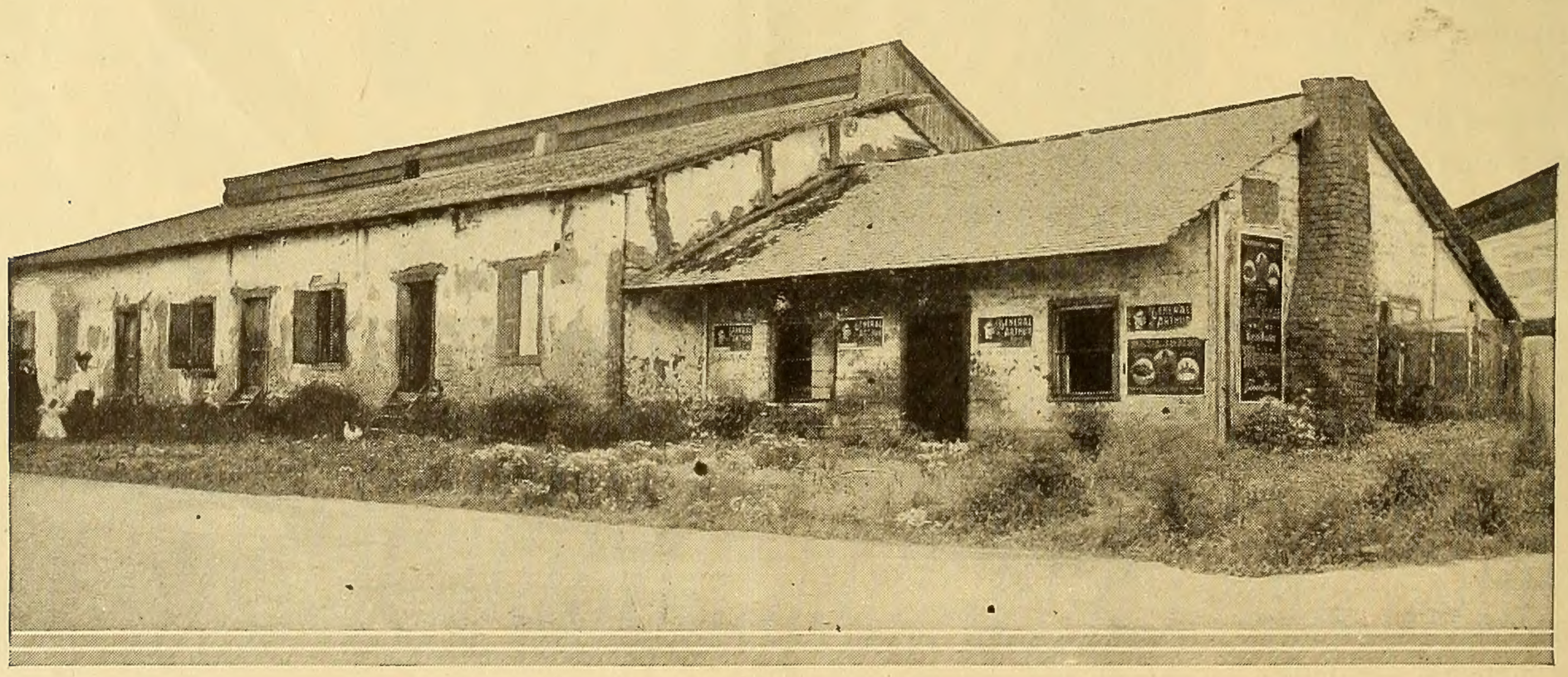
The reviewers on the daily and weekly papers in all the cities where "Hearts of the World" has been shown so far unite in proclaiming this latest photoplay of D. W. Griffith's the best work he has so far done. "Hearts of the World" is Mr. Griffith's masterpiece. The story is simple and direct, not involved and chaotic, like "Intolerance," nor melodramatic, like that part of "The Birth of a Nation" which pictured Thomas Dixon's book, "The Clansman." "Hearts of the World," by its very simplicity, humanness and lack of the sensational, touches deeply the hearts of the world. To see pictured on a screen, with the artistry that is Mr. Griffith's gift, the suffering that this war has brought to little children and the aged, and the unbelievable barbarity and fiendishness of the Hun, is sufficiently stirring to stimulate the organization among the women of America of a Battalion of Death. The photography is exquisite. The opening scenes of pastoral France were masterpieces of composition, with all the softness and depth of hand painting. Splendid acting was contributed among the men by Bobby Harron as *The Boy*, little Ben Alexander as *The Littlest Brother*, Robert Anderson as *Monsieur Cucckoo*, George A. Siegmann as *Von Strohm*, and George Nichols in the small part of a *German Sergeant*. The surprise was Dorothy Gish, who revealed herself for the first time as one of the clever ones. She was quite irresistible, contributing to a flawless performance delicious comedy and touching pathos. Any person who sees "Hearts of the World" and doesn't want to stick a saber in a Hun must be pro-German. It's that kind of a picture.

California's First Theater

One cannot escape the movies! At the charming Hotel Del Monte, by the side of sleepy, dreamy old Monterey, I thought to spend a week oblivious of the flickering films. The wonderful motor roads, the cypress groves and the blue waters of the picturesque Monterey Bay, the flowers, the white sandy beaches and the many landmarks in this old California town—one of the few that have preserved the atmosphere of the day before the Gringo came—have sufficient interest to more than fill any visitor's days. Here is the old adobe house where Robert Louis Stevenson lived and wrote for two years; the old Custom House, from which the American flag was first flown in California; Colton Hall, the first capitol of California; the General W. T. Sherman rose tree, where the general, so the story goes, courted and wooed a dark-eyed senorita; and two of the oldest missions. As if to leave nothing lacking, now preserved as a museum, stands the oldest theater in California. Part of the building was Jack Swan's cafe and part was used as a storehouse.

The first theatrical performance in California took place in the room used as a storehouse at Monterey and it came to

(Continued in advertising section)



Here, at Monterey, preserved as a museum, stands the oldest theater in California. And in this building, in May, 1918, "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" was shown.



THE NEW MOVIE THEATER AT YAPP'S CROSSING TAKES A LOCAL FEATURE REEL



THE MOVIE PIE-PLANT

(To Constance Talmadge)

Sing a song of Constance, with the laughing eye.
Lady of the pie-plant, is't for movie-pie?
If it is, then throw one, be it hit or miss;
Who would dodge a pie made of pie-plant such as this?

The Motion Picture Press Agent in Wartime

By PAT DOWLING, U. S. N.

THE press agent sat in his little swivel chair amidst clouds of aromatic tobacco smoke—and he thought and he thought. But he didn't think long, because the telephone bell was ringing—again.

"Darn!" he said, as he took down the receiver and said "Hello!" oh, so sweetly, as only a press agent can. Even as you and I.

"Yes, this is the publicity department," he cooed, as he gnashed the end of his cigar. "The Red Cross benefit? Oh, I see! Well, Miss Hobnob, you know it is very difficult to say this far ahead whether any of our stars will be able to attend or not. You know they are scheduled to be working in their pictures, and really we can't tell— What's that? Oh, no! I'm sure they would be only too glad to take part, if they are in the city. I'll let you know. . . . Yes, surely. . . . Not at all. . . . Go-o-o-d-by!"

The press agent lit his cigar again. "Another of those benefits! I'm patriotic, all right, but you would think—Now, wouldn't you think those people would realize our stars have to work—once in a while, at least?" This last he addressed to a ravingly maniacal director who had just entered the lair of the publicity department.

"You would think so," agreed the director. "What's the matter with me? Everything! Half way through the picture, and one man's killed in a wreck, the juvenile is called out to go to his training camp, and the star's gone to San Diego to entertain some soldiers! And the office expects me to finish on schedule. Aw, everything's all wrong!"

The press agent sank into his swivel chair dejectedly. The tinkle of the bell at his elbow jostled him into fresh mental disorder. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Clymer! The Yuletide Festival for charity? Sure, we'd like to help. Marguerite Pickford? Now, I don't know whether she could come or not. You know she is going to be on location in Santa Cruz all next week. . . . No, I don't see how she could come back for the festival. You know it's five hundred miles, and salaries are pretty big, you know, and delays are costly. Oh, surely, I'll find out. Yes, I'll let you know. . . . Not at all. . . . Go-o-o-d-by!"

The bell tinkled again while the earpiece was still warm. "Yes, Robbins. How are you? What are you promoting now? All-Star Benefit? Yes—where? . . . Oh, Auditorium! . . . February 20th? You want Douglas Chaplin

to put on a sketch. Sure, we'll do all we can. But that's a long way off. . . . Yes, I know it's for the government, but Doug might be dead by that time—or in Arizona. . . . Sure, that's almost as bad! . . . Ha, ha! . . . Oh, sure, we'll send a check right away to start off the fund. . . . No, that's all right. Don't mention it. So long!"

Once again the bell buzzed.

"Red Star Dog Show? Well, I don't know. . . . You saw a picture of Louise Dana's chow? . . . Oh, that was just a photograph. I don't think she has any dogs of her own. . . . Call her up? Well, I don't know. We don't have any 'phone numbers of stars. You might try, though. . . . Could she come down and auction off the toy dog? Oh, yes, I think she'd be glad to. That is, if she is in town. You know we never know till the day before whether they're going on location or not. Surely, I'll let you know. . . . Not at all. . . . Good-by!"

The press agent reached for a pad of notes. "I'll write that story now or bust!" he said, with much vigor, first brushing the ashes off his clothes where he had dropped the cigar end in the excitement.

"Bust! Darn it!" he muttered, as he took down the receiver. "This is the publicity department," he said, not quite as suavely as usual, but still suave. "No, I am not Mr. Goldsky. I merely represent him in a publicity way. Oh, yes, we have a great many stars in our company You're having a parade? For the Marine Fund Affair. Oh, yes. . . . Oh, no, we haven't any bathing girls. Would suggest you call up the studios, Wilshire One-Five. . . . No, not at all. . . . Good-by!"

The press agent hung up the receiver and struck a pose similar to that of Little Nell in Badman Gulch, just after her hero had been dragged away by the bandits and the villyun stood threateningly before her. He gazed out of the window reflectively. "Gosh, there goes Vivian Minter! I've got to get those photographs to-day or bust!" he ejaculated, as he raised the window sash. "Oh, Miss Vivian! How about some poses this afternoon? Just a little snapshot stuff at the house?" He was talking through the window and gesturing with one hand while reaching for the telephone with the other.

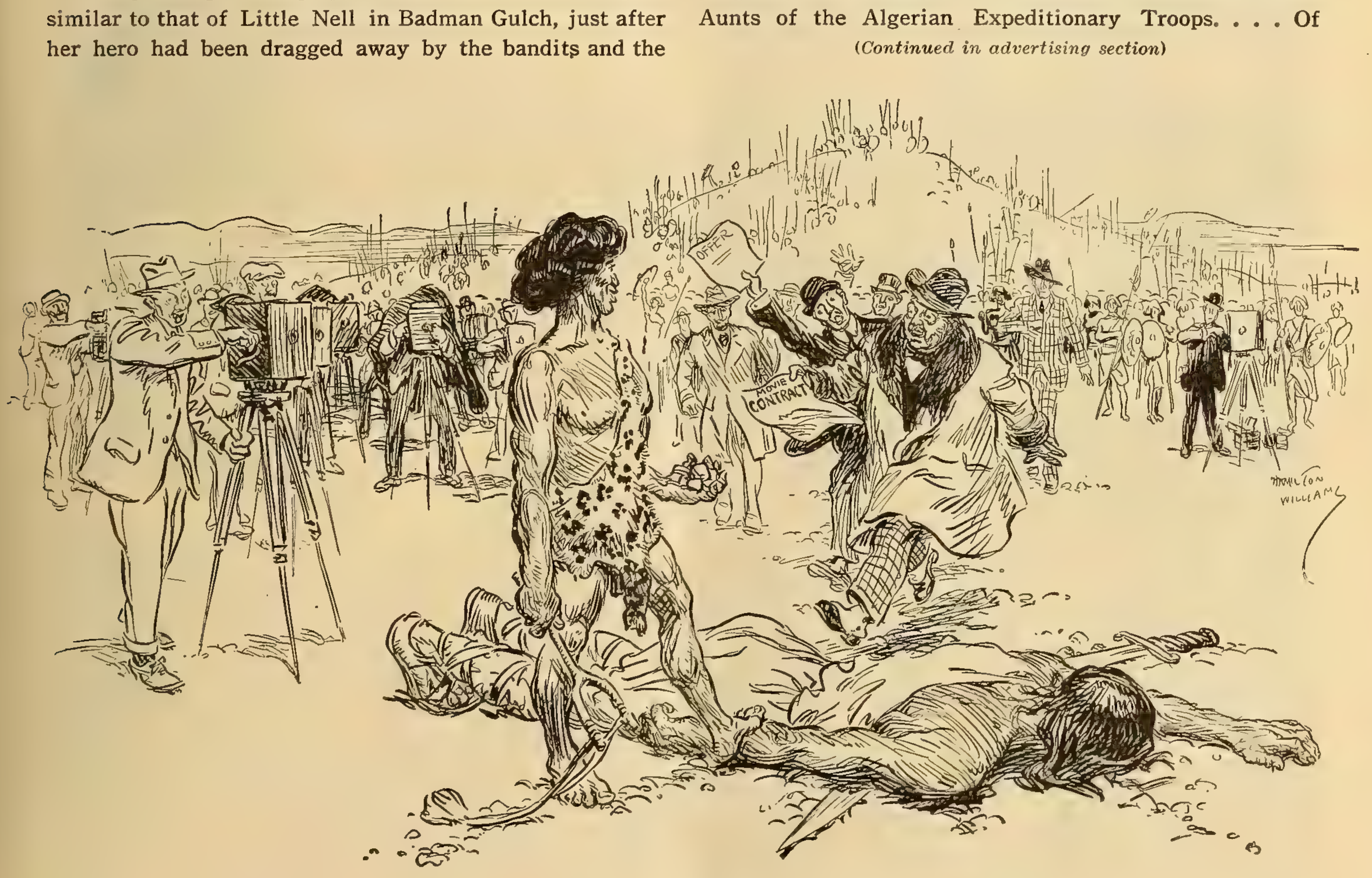
"Can't do it to-day," came back at him from the star. "Have to pour tea for the Ladies' Auxiliary of the local Allied Relief Fund. Charity event, you know. Have to go. I'm sorry about the photographs."

The press agent was talking over the 'phone again after closing the window. "Of course you understand, Mrs. De Cheas, we'd be glad to send Wally Farnum down, but I'm pretty sure he's going to be working this afternoon. . . . Oh, no, he couldn't take a vacation! . . . He's already been away three shooting days this week. . . . Yes, he'd be glad to, but— Yes, I realize the Society for Collecting Old Tires is doing a great work, but really, you know— Oh, surely, I'll do the very best I can. You can count on us. Yes, we'll send a check this afternoon. Not at all. . . . Good-by!"

The press agent felt sure he could see at least seven more gray hairs when he stepped to the mirror in his stenographer's office. He went in to dictate a letter to the home office, asking for two more assistants, but the 'phone had rung again.

"This is Mr. Pusher," he said wearily, as he reached out to sign for a registered postal card. "An ad in your program, did you say? . . . Oh, the benefit for the Great Aunts of the Algerian Expeditionary Troops. . . . Of

(Continued in advertising section)



WHAT DAVID AND GOLIATH MISSED BY BEING BORN TOO SOON

James Montgomery Flagg's "Lonesome Girl"



Mr. Flagg sketches Molly as she tells of her disappointment.



"Where are you going, little girl, with your canary?" "I go to Camp Upton, sir," she said, "where there are more men."



I sure am right good-looken'—less'n that pool's a liar!"



The only man for miles and miles was Hermes, who had whiskers.



Pansy Mullen, in "Advice to the Lovelorn," had told Molly to forget Hermes and so she tried fishing.

TOWN AND COUNTRY FILMS

This is the twelfth and last of James Montgomery Flagg's one-reel comedies, in which "Girls You Know" have won so many friends. "The Lonesome Girl" is *Molly Fipps* (Florence Dixon). She has a great disappointment when she finds her bearded friend Hermes of the mountains is married. She tries to forget, but in vain; she is haunted by this bearded face everywhere. Suicide is a failure 'cause "blondes don't sink," so, lonesome and lovesick, she leaves for Camp Upton for new "spoils." The moral is, "If at first you don't find love, move, move again."



"Gulliver's Travels" would have been as nothing compared with Fairbanks's travels upon Gulliver.

What Douglas Fairbanks Missed

THE trouble with History and Literature and Legend is that they were in too much of a hurry. They didn't wait for Douglas Fairbanks. They happened or were written before Douglas was born, thereby denying him opportunities of which he would have made much. FILM FUN suggests, in the accompanying pictures, three occasions well suited to his agility or his smile. Dean Swift might have fitted him nicely into a scenario of "Gulliver's Travels," and kept Gulliver from getting bored or dropping off to sleep. With him, Browning might have had a happy ending, instead of a dismal one, for his "Pied Piper of Hamelin." And as for Chaucer, not on his "tales" alone would the Canterbury Pilgrims have depended for relaxation had Douglas been born some seven or eight centuries sooner. Literature is full of lost opportunities; so is History. What might not a Fairbanks have accomplished with the Trojan Horse as a "location"? Or a Roman chariot race? As it is, he must be content with such tame, modern devices as motor cars and bucking broncos.

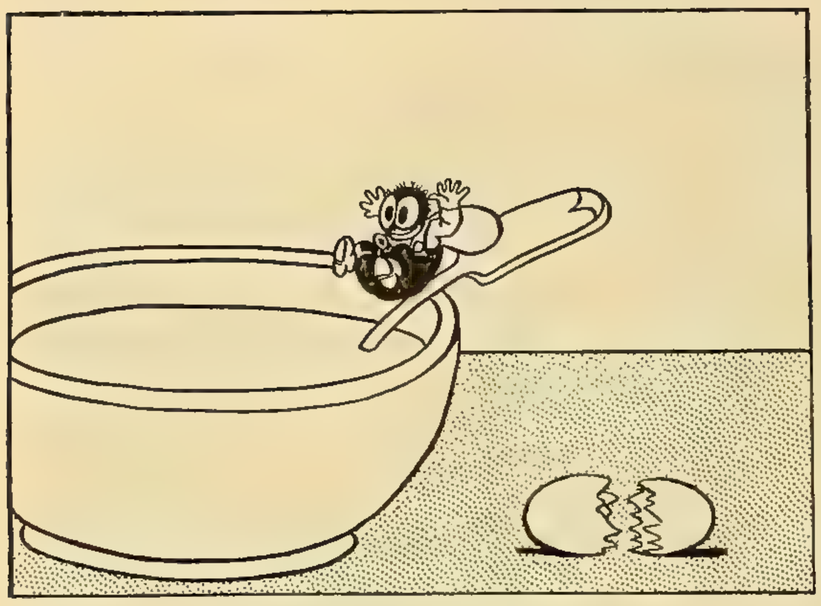


The hero of "Mr. Fixit" could have saved at least an armful of Hamelin kiddies from the spell of the Pied Piper.



And, by various flying leaps to the saddle, he might have put pep in the day's ride of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

Swat the Fly: An "Educational" Film



The birth of a nuisance.

FLIES and summer are one and inseparable, so a "swat-the-fly" movie is seasonable. You require a moment to recover on reading that a screen comedy, featuring the Katzenjammer Kids, has been "released by the Educational Film Corporation," but such is the fact, undoubtedly. In these days one may pick up an education from the most unexpected sources. "Swat the Fly," however, is not topheavy with educational features. The flies, for the most part, are light comedians, created for the purpose of plaguing Ma Katzenjammer and the Captain. Captain Katzenjammer, who is painting a floor, paints from the border of the room inward toward the center, and ultimately maroons himself. The versatile Kids have put molasses in his paint—a combination which makes the Captain an object of much interest to the flies. Of course, the Inspector figures in the "educational" process. With characteristic helpfulness he manipulates a vacuum cleaner, as shown in one of the adjoining pictures. A later complication includes the Kids, the cleaner and a hive of sportive bees, the bees doing as much as any of the cast to add to the "educational" value of the film. "Swat the Fly" should be seen by all students of the habits of flies, bees—and comic supplements.



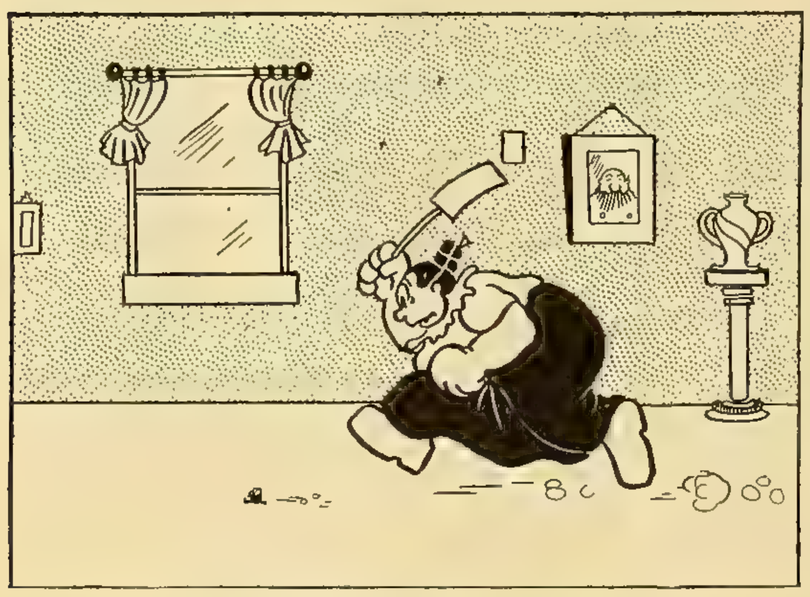
Ping Pong in fly-time.



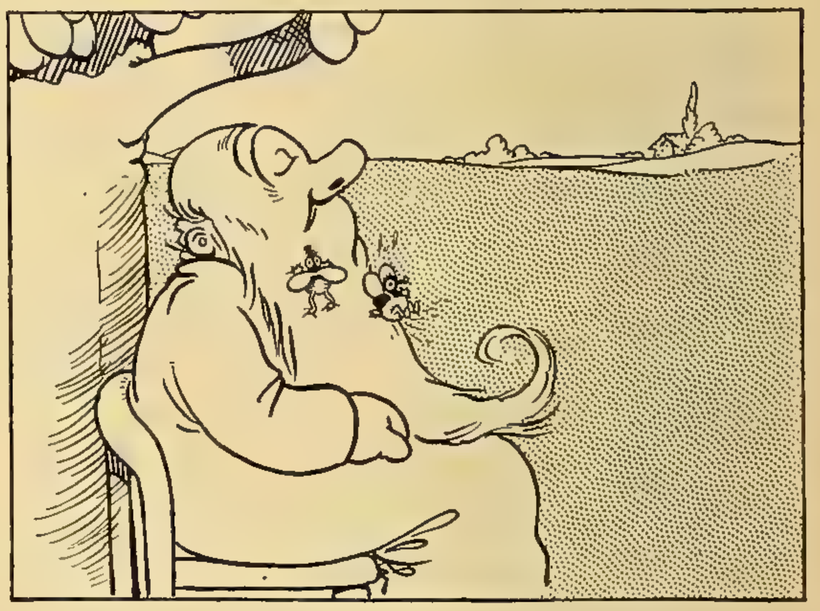
"Ah, I haf got him!"



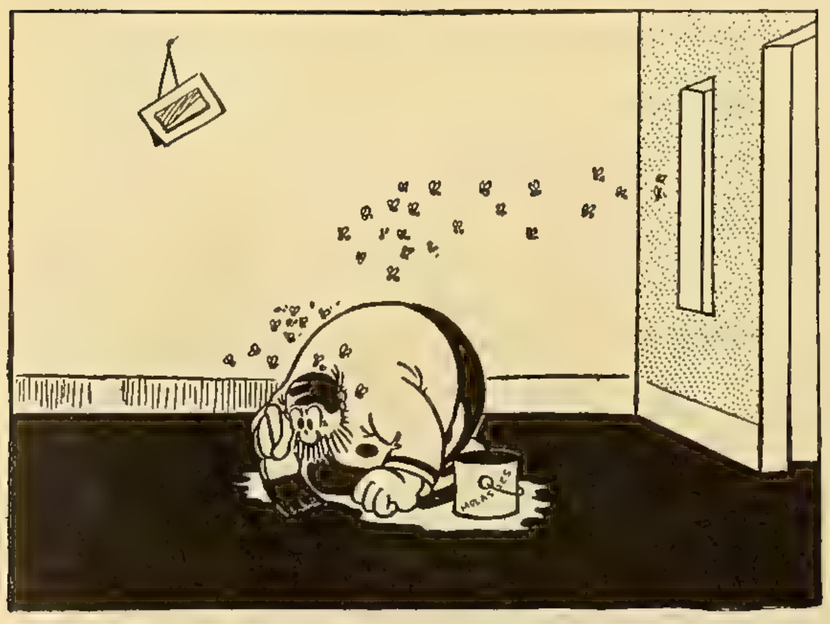
The Inspector and the vacuum cleaner.



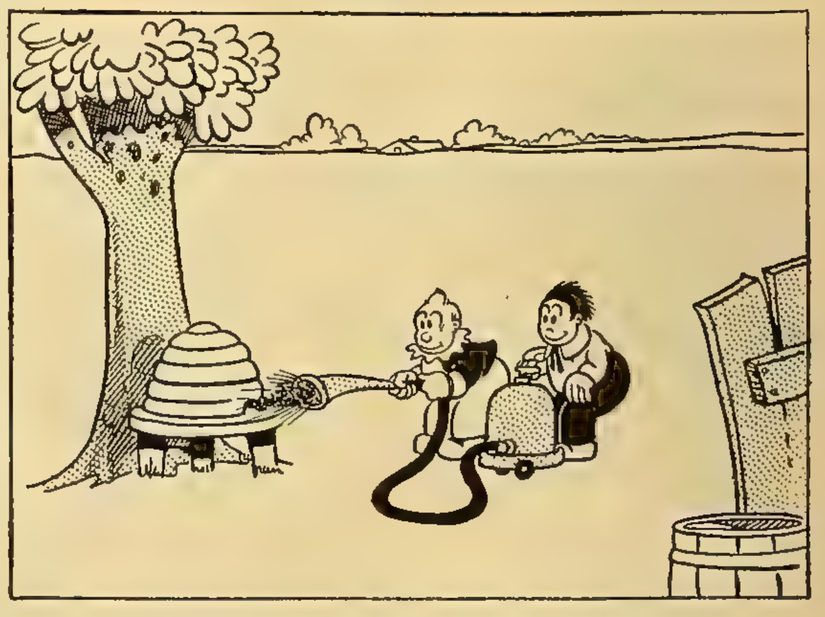
The villainess still pursues.



The flies make merry.



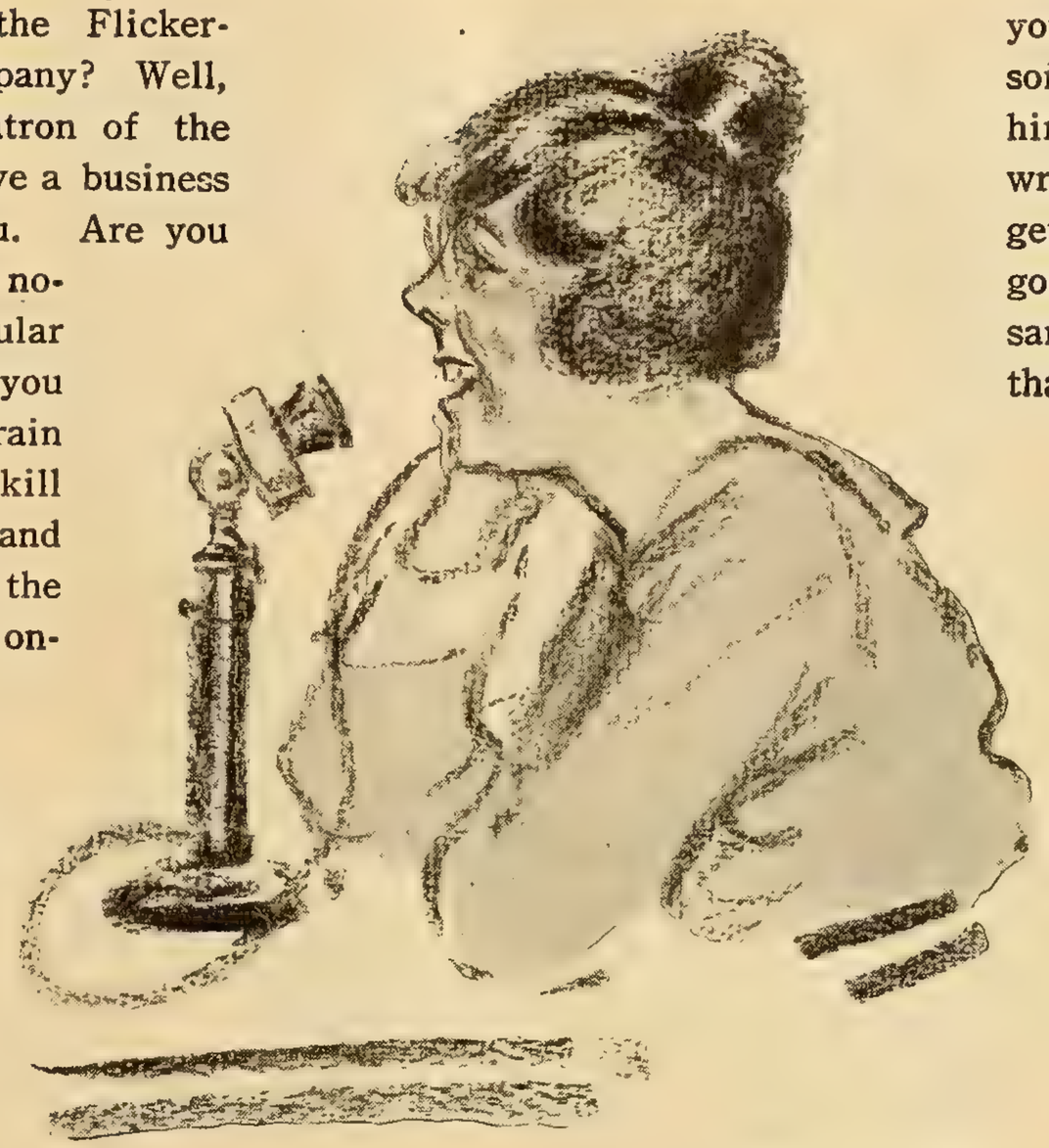
Molasses in the paint makes the Captain popular.



A vacuum cleaner has more than one use.

Before They Cut Her Off

"HELLO! Is this the Flicker-Flicker Film Company? Well, I'm a regular patron of the movies, and I have a business proposition to make to you. Are you listening? Oh, all right. I notice that one of the most popular films is the railroad film—you know—the one in which the train robbers tie the engineer or kill him or something exciting, and then start the train down the track in the direction of the oncoming express, in which the daughter of the president of the road is riding, you understand. It's usually done by the pretty girl telegraph operator, who climbs on top the big steel bridge and drops to the locomotive cab at just the right instant and gets into the cab. But you know all that? Yes, of course you do.



Drawn by W. H. Hill

"I have a business proposition to make to you."

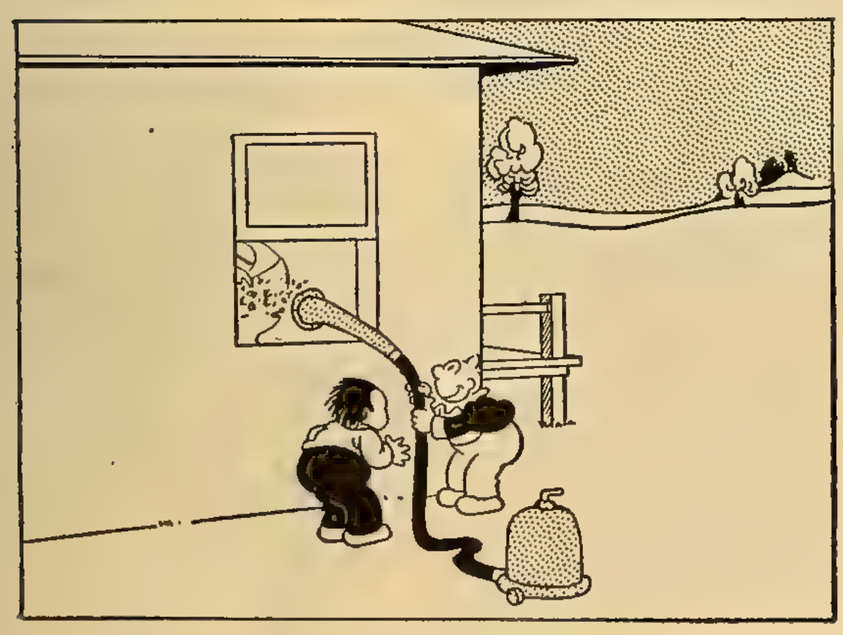
"Well, here's what I called up to suggest. Maybe you think I'm a long time in getting at it, and maybe I am, but the idea is worth it. Nothing makes such a big hit with an audience as a good kid act, and my little boy, Edgar—he's just turned five—is as good a little actor as any you ever saw in the movies, your own or anybody else's. You just ought to see him walk like Charlie Chaplin; you'd laugh till you couldn't stand. Well, Edgar has a little kiddie car— Yes, I *am* getting at it just as fast as I can—and what I'm going to suggest—and if you don't take it up, some more enterprising movie firm will—is that you put my little boy in a big feature film, 'The Engineer's Baby,' or something like that.

"Are you there? Yes, all right. I thought maybe they'd cut us off. Well, the usual thing, you know. Lots of train pictures and black smoke and men in overalls and monkey wrenches; and then, of course, the train robbers or the safe wreckers or anything that fits the story. Script, you call it, don't you? Well—somebody ties the engineer or hits him on the head with a monkey wrench—any way so long as he gets unconscious and the engine goes down the line. That's the same as usual—everybody expects that and looks for it—but here's where it gets to be different. Here's where you make your big hit.

"Edgar—that's my little boy—he's the engineer's son. He's playing in his front yard, waiting for papa's engine to go by, so he can wave to it; and when he sees papa hanging limp out the cab window, he knows something's dead wrong and that papa's train'll be wrecked. This is where begins the greatest movie chase picture that ever was made—if you people have got the enterprise to make it. Hello! Are you there? Oh, all right.

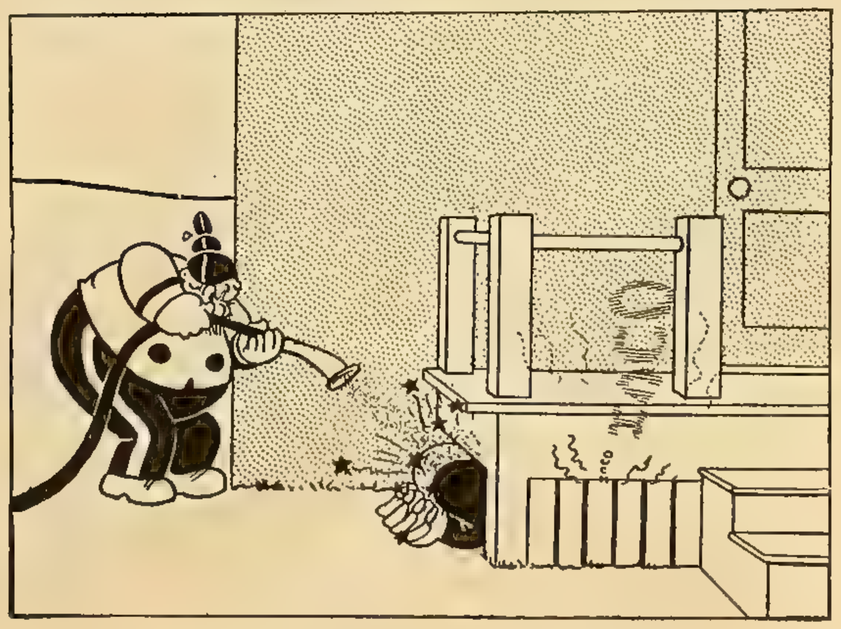
"The boy starts his kiddie car out after the old man's engine, his little legs working like pistons, and him in his little car bumping over the space between the tracks. Well, he catches up with the engine, grabs hold of the step or something, and climbs over the coal to the cab and brings the engine to a stop—just four feet from the busted bridge. Ain't it a winner? Hello! I say, ain't it a winner? It's plum preserves for anybody that'll put it out, and I'm giving you the first chance.

"What's that? Why, say, it ain't any more unlikely to happen than a whole lot of the railroad things that you do put out. Of course, my son being a minor—he's only five—his thousand dollars a week will come to his father and me. What? Are you there? Hello! The Flicker-Flicker Film Company? Hello! I'd like to know who cut me off! The telephone service is terrible these days!"



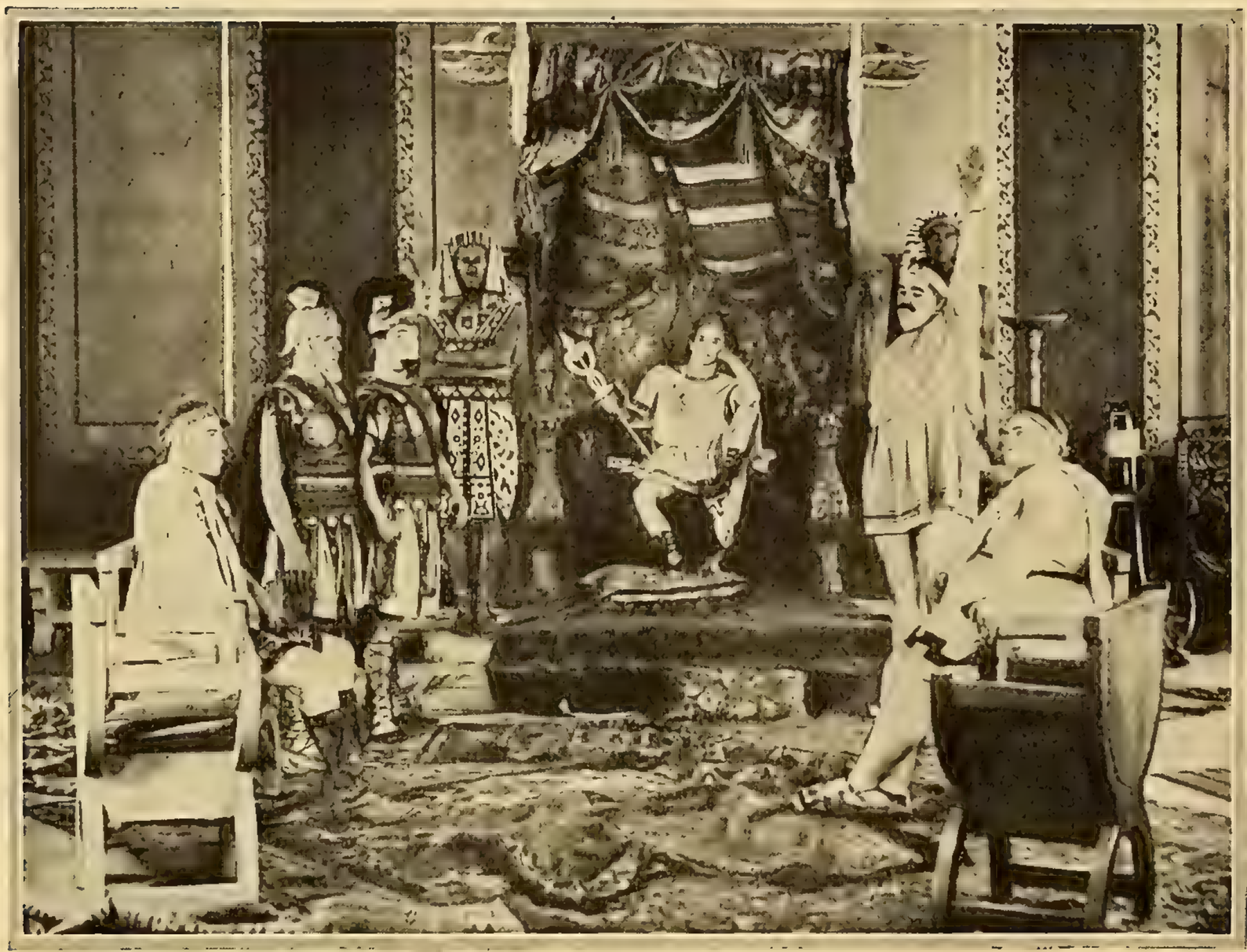
An unexpected offensive.





A surprise attack in the rear.

Summer is the Season of Burlesque; If "Cleo



Scene: Rome. Mark Handy, with Ventulatus and Octoberus, decide to "start something" in the land of Cleo.



The Roman army in the war to the death; we'll

THE movies have entered the realm of burlesque, and it is a realm of limitless possibilities. Screen burlesque of serious screen drama, if well done, should be as popular with a nation-wide audience as were Weber and Field's still famous travesties with the Broadway audiences of a decade and more ago. Nile," presented by the Ro of Theda Bara's "Cleopatr of such modern trifles as phones, cash registers, cra

In the oval to the right is the Cleopatra of Theda Bara, who lures with her eyes.



The historic meeting of Mark and Cleo. Quoth Cleo, alluringly, "Stay here a minute till I find my heavy kimono." "Hum-m-m," murmured Mark, "rather a cool reception, methinks. What you've on is all right."



The fall of Mark Handy. His vampirish friend lights his cigar for him.

sy" Interferes With History, Give Up History



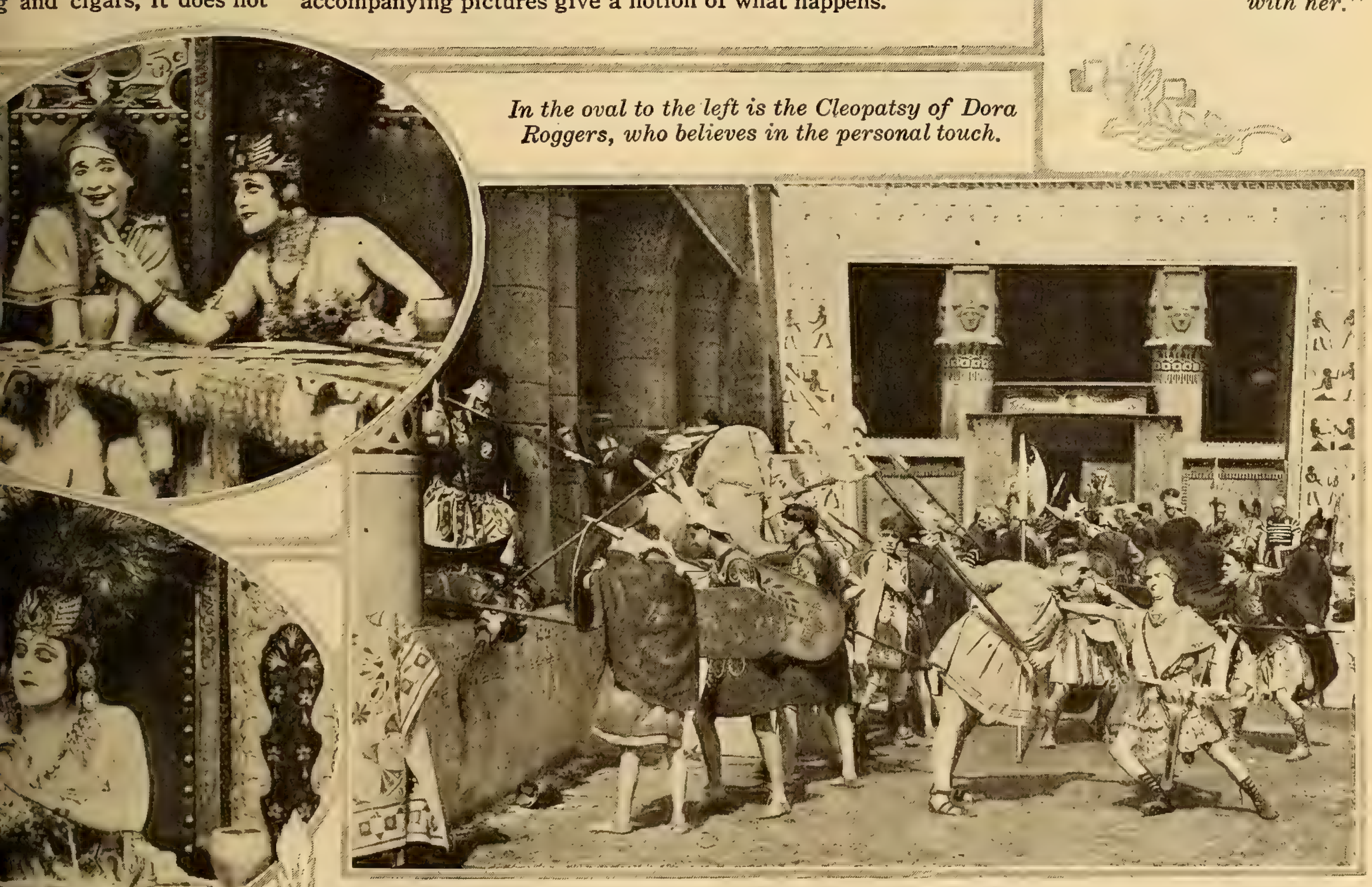
desert of Sa-ha-ha. "It's put Egypt on the blink."



Cleopatsy's town house in Alexandria. "Drag Cleo out here on the lawn," orders Mark Handy. "Get rough with her."

atsy, or the Hussy of the Company, is a burlesque save for the introduction iles, motor cycles, tele- g and cigars, it does not stray far from the original for its fun. *Cleopatsy* rouses the wrath of *Mark Handy* when Egypt is shy in its tribute to Rome. "Pay your rent," long-distances *Mark* to *Cleo*, "or I'll come over and clean out the place." He comes, and the accompanying pictures give a notion of what happens.

In the oval to the left is the Cleopatsy of Dora Roggers, who believes in the personal touch.



And otherwise lures him, with wiles Cleopatric, till Rome loses out.

Ventulatus, sore on Mark, "brings the bunch over from Rome" to wage war. The finish is not as tragic as in the versions of Theda Bara or William Shakespeare. Mark and Cleo wake up and resume the grind.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



A QUIET DAY IN JAYVILLE: IT IS ALSO QUITE PROFITABLE TO THE INHABITANTS



THE POWER OF ILLUSTRATION

Aunt Tessie (*describing her favorite screen hero*)—*He was a tall, powerfully-built man—like this, you know.*

From "Daily Talks With Shakespeare"

Written After Reading the Syndicated "Daily Talks With Mary Pickford"

HOW beautiful is summer! Especially summer here at my home at Stratford. The trees are all in full leaf, there are flowers everywhere in field and wood, the river Avon is singing its slumber song of peace and rest, and altogether Stratford is a very pleasant place to be.

Summer, as someone has said, is the top of the year. I have been working hard in London on some new plays for the Globe Theater, and I just ran down to Stratford for a few days to see my father and the old friends in the home town. Oh, if you young people who have stage ambitions will only remember to love your home town, wherever it may be, and to go back to it once in a while, you will spare yourself contact with so many of the temptations which beset those who rub elbows with the great world without.

I remember, when we were rehearsing "Hamlet," up in London, a poor little fellow came to me and applied for the part of the *Second Grave-digger*. He was very much discouraged at the way things were going, and he wished the part of the *Second Grave-digger*, so he could stand down and pull the grave in after him. By degrees I got his story from him, and the great outstanding fact about it was that he had neglected to visit, every so often, his home town. Indeed, he couldn't remember where his home town was located, so I made him one out of scenery and hung a sign on it, as we do at the Globe—a sign reading, "This is your Home Town." And he went there and reformed and was perfectly happy. He is now head usher at the Globe and starts the applause.

My father, when I told him the circumstances, said: "Oh, isn't it lovely here at Stratford in the summer, with the trees in full leaf, the flowers everywhere in field and wood, and the river Avon singing its slumber song of peace and rest! Bill, old son, what do you say to strolling down to the Red Lion and splitting a bucket of sack?"

Short Scenarios

I. Elevating the Stage. Four reels.
- Reel 1—Mated.
- Reel 2—Aggravated.
- Reel 3—Renovated.
- Reel 4—Celebrated.

II. Frenzied Finance, or The Missing Millions. Three reels.
- Reel 1—Trusted.
- Reel 2—Busted.
- Reel 3—Dusted.

III. The People's Choice. Four reels.
- Reel 1—Projected.
- Reel 2—Elected.
- Reel 3—Detected.
- Reel 4—Ejected.

The Beanfugles at the Movies

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

UNFORTUNATELY Colonel and Mrs. Beanfugle had dropped in at a moving picture performance just before the climax of the last act of a thrilling Western drama in two reels. Then the lights went up, and the intermission was on.

"Just our luck to get in here at the wrong time," sniffed Mrs. Beanfugle. "We've seen that cowboy throw the villain over the cliff to the rattlesnakes, but now we've got to sit through a three-reel sea story and two split-reel comedies and a travel scene before we can find out what the unfortunate man did before he was converted into snake food."

"Oh, well, what's the difference?" said the colonel. "I like those things just as well when I begin in the middle and then go all the way round the circuit before I get the start of a play."

"That shows how you and your whole sex have been bluffing all the time!" exclaimed Mrs. Beanfugle, smiling triumphantly.

"In what way?" asked the colonel dubiously.

"Why, in accusing women of being the only ones who like to begin their stories in the middle and read to the end and then jump back to the first chapter and read to the middle. That accusation has been hurled at us ever since there have been any novels. Men have claimed that they always began stories in the beginning and read them religiously through to the end, but we women—the unstable, flighty female sex—have persisted in reading stories backward and both ways from the middle and every way but the right way."

The colonel settled glumly into his seat.

"But now what do we find?" continued Mrs. Beanfugle, with a rising note of triumph in her voice. "Here are you men drifting into these moving picture shows at any old time and admitting you like the patchwork effect of it all. You come in long after the preliminaries, preludes and preambles are out of the way. You haven't the haziest idea what has gone before. You don't know why the villain hates the hero, and why the heroine's father is planning to ship her hastily to the South Seas in order to save her life from Black Handers. You don't know why the poor girl who works in a dynamite factory pauses just before starting from her humble cabin and says, in twelve-inch letters on the screen, 'I don't know why I dread to go to work this morning.' You don't know any of these things, and yet you are just as serenely contented as the woman who has begun a novel somewhere in the seventeenth chapter."

"Aw, shucks!" said the colonel. "Please be logical. There's a lot of difference between movies and popular novels."

"Technicalities again—mere technicalities," said Mrs. Beanfugle hotly. "But that flimsy refuge avails you men no longer, now that our sex is turning the searchlights of truth on your real characters. As a matter of fact, you are even more curious than women to know what is to be the ending of any kind of a story. I believe you prefer to drop in at these moving picture places right in the middle of a play. Your very lack of curiosity as to the causes that led to that unfortunate young man being fed to the serpents would tend to prove my theory, no matter what you say."

"Why not open a theater for men and produce plays that are begun in the middle? We could leave when we liked, if the play suited us, or if it didn't."

"Well, why not? It would be a good idea. It would draw crowds, and there'd be money in it," snapped Mrs. Beanfugle, as the lights went down, the intermission ended, and the "scenic" began its program turn.



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

FOUR FOR 'FORE

Why tire yourself yelling when your fingers can speak for you, argues Golfer Fatty Arbuckle.

"More Trouble" With Frank Keenan

Lemuel Deering (Frank Keenan) is a mill owner whose son is a pure youth who doesn't drink or smoke; yet, following the signing of co-partnership papers trouble follows trouble, until son is landed in jail and mysteriously rescued by the real culprit.



"Don't smoke, don't drink. Well, what do you do?"



Bills arrive by mail, messenger and even by telegraph, so that even the faithful old housekeeper is bemazed.



It becomes necessary to forcibly eject a collector who has intruded on a family festivity.



"Where is my son?" the surprising query by father Deering of the recumbent officer. The rescue party has been led by one of son's "Eta Bita Pi" brethren and his chauffeur. Loyalty to his fraternity has caused all the trouble.



The breaking of daughter's engagement, because of son's disgrace, brings to father the first ray of comfort.



A Crimson Episode

By Charlotte Mish

WITHIN the darkened picture house,
Rose took her powder puff
And dusted well her pretty nose,
Just what she thought enough.

But once outside the picture house,
She couldn't understand
Why everybody stared and stared,
And laughed to beat the band.

But as she passed a mirror by,
She gasped, "For goodness sake!"
For she had used upon her nose
Her *rouge puff* by mistake!

Dialogues Never Heard at the Movies

Voice of woman in back of you—Oh, I've seen this piece before. It's lovely; you'll like it.

Another voice—Oh, have *you* seen it? Then you can tell us all about it. Who's that feller on the screen now? Is he the feller she——

First voice (very firmly)—No, positively *not.* I am not going to explain it all to you and tell you just what the next picture is and all that. It would annoy everybody within hearing distance of us.

Fond mother—Can you see, Charley dear?

Small voice—Oh, yes, ma.

Fond mother—The man in front isn't in your way?

Small voice—No, ma; not a bit.

Fond mother—Do you understand what the pictures are about, or do you want mother to explain them to you as they go along?

Small voice—I understand 'em, ma. You needn't tell me. You just sit back and enjoy yourself.

Male voice—Do you care for this crazy, knockabout style of comedy?

Another voice (also male)—Well, I suppose I should say I don't, that I detest it; but, as a matter of fact, I like it. Even if I live to be 500, I shall never get too old to laugh when someone is hit in the face with a pie or a stream from a siphon. I laugh for the same reason I do when the cross-eyed mule in the Sunday supplement kicks somebody. And I don't care who hears me say so.

"God Save Our Men"

There's a movie theater in New York where at each performance these words are thrown on the screen, with the request that the audience join in singing them, to the tune of "America":

God save our glorious men,
Bring them safe home again
To land and home.
Make them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us—
God save our men.

Maybe the poetry might be improved, but the spirit that is manifest in the singing would certainly gladden hearts that may be suffering hardship "over there."



AT NIAGARA FALLS

"Gosh, Mandy, this is almost as good as seein' it at the movies."

Registered Emotions of the Screen

NOT to be outdone by the serious-minded motion picture publications, FILM FUN takes pleasure in printing the following register of emotions by the celebrated screen favorite, Miss Imogene Flicker. Miss Flicker's facial expression, in all varieties of dramatic situation, is considered marvelous by competent critics who have watched her work. Judge for yourself:



"I love you." | "I hate you." | Scorn and loathing. | "Do not kill me." | Rage and despair. | "Kiss me, sweet." | "Quick! The papers!"

Miss Flicker is a relentless self critic. The perfection of her art is not the result of chance, but of hard study. Ten hours daily she has been known to stand before her mirror, while her luxurious limousine is completely glass-lined, so that not a moment may be lost to art. On long trips across the continent she makes faces at herself by the day in the mirrors of her drawing-room compartment. The photographs of Miss Flicker's interpretations are published through the courtesy of the Pentagon Film Company, Inc.



DISPIRITING RESULT OF THE MOVIE HABIT

Picture of a family wishing to travel trying to find a place they have not seen at the movies.

Perils to Provoke Our Smiles

By MRS. D. W. GRIFFITH

THE big stars of the photoplay nearly always are endowed with sporting blood, and I have never known one to refuse to do any "stunt," however risky, that might be called for in the script. When Western pictures were the vogue, the intrepid courage of the cowboy riders must, I presume, have fired with equal courage the actors who were playing in the same picture. I recall one such, a motion picture of Spanish California, in which Mary Pickford and Henry Walthall were playing the leads. There were some Wild West riders in the cast, and Mr. Griffith offered a dollar to each rider who would "pull a stunt." They pulled them, all right! They would drop their hats and pick them up while madly riding. Horses on all sides reared on their hind legs, their fearless riders sitting calmly in the saddle, waving aloft their Mexican sombreros.

It is a difficult thing to "ride horseback" in a moving picture, to manage a horse and get him to stop at the designated spot before the camera, to make him trot, run or gallop, as the situation demands. All the time, while you may have to spur your horse in the left hind leg and say stern things to him under your breath to make him go, in the camera, according to the script, there should only be recorded on your part a coy smile intended for one's sweetheart. But all this is simple compared to riding a horse with a bunch of Western cowboys. I have seen Mary Pickford get away with it. There was never any dangerous performance that Mary shirked from—stunts on horses, in autos, aeroplanes or falling into muddy rivers. The same can be said of many of the stars. Think of the chances Pearl White has taken in her "serial" career. Mabel Normand is one of the fearless ones. Her nerve, willingness and capacity for stunts made her a star as much if not more than her acting ability, clever actress though she is. It seems the little women have been called upon to do the most daring tricks, although Kathleen Williams had a season's work when her acting support was confined mostly to junge animals, elephants and such. She worked with them as calmly as an ordinary mortal might play with a kitten. The astounding performances that take place in Mack Sennett's comedies and Charlie Chaplin's perfect acrobatics make one gasp. It is said that Sennett needs a new force of policemen every two years—that is as long as they last. Watching their antics, one wonders how they last that long.



EARL V. LEWIS PHOTO

Mrs. D. W. Griffith as an Indian mother in "The Stampede."

There are "stunts" that every movie actor has to perform at some time or other. A true picture artist has a certain pride in wanting always to be "game" when asked to do things that have an element of danger in them or are unpleasant or distasteful. My line of work as a picture actress was that of an emotional ingenue in straight, clean-cut dramatic plays. Once in a great while I was called upon to play in a thriller. The things that came my way come to every motion picture actress. I have stood on the edge of the New Jersey Palisades and jumped to a narrow ledge six feet below, from which ledge was a sheer drop to the Hudson some hundred feet below. I attempted to commit a "movie suicide" on the brink of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, but just as I was leaning over to jump, my "movie father" rescued me. I did what I was asked to do, although at first even to look down into the frightful depths of the Grand Canyon takes courage. All that night, in my sleep and when awake, I was falling down that Canyon.

Once when playing an Indian girl in the movies, I was buried by my Indian movie father in an ant hill for being disobedient. My body was dug deep in earth, with only my head, which the ants were supposed to eat, protruding.



"Once for a week I was snowed in on a mountaintop."

"We were after the famine scenes from 'Hiawatha.'"



Minnehaha's grave in the snow. Hiawatha watching the fire he builds to light his loved one's soul on its way to the spirit world.

On my face was smeared honey, into which coffee grounds were stuck to get the effect of "ants." Horses were roaming about on the location, and although several men were detailed to keep them away from me, my feeling was none too comfortable, wondering which horse was going to trample my head. Then I began to feel cold and damp, and the thought of "worms" began to flitter through my mind. This scene should have taken a very short time to take, but as we were depending upon the horses to stand still throughout the scene, before the ordeal was over time had elapsed. I have been hauled up the side of a cliff, a rope around my waist, while I was supposedly unconscious. If my face hit a rock as I was being hauled up, being unconscious, naturally I couldn't put out my hand to protect myself. In another picture, also in an "unconscious" condition, I was thrown on my stomach over a horse's back, while the horse ran with me some distance in this position. I have lost the oars of a rowboat in a picture, tipped over a rowboat out on the Pacific, and then been rescued by my movie lover, who swam to the overturned boat to which I was clinging. The first time I ever rode a horse in a picture (previously I had merely sat on a horse's back and cringed if he raised a foot) was through a burning prairie, chased by an Indian on horseback. The dry grass of the plain was set on fire by kerosene. I was seated on my horse in the distance, waiting for an effective blaze, and then told to "come on."

I have been wet and almost frozen, waiting on a rock by the seacoast for the tide to come up and drown me. The only thing to cheer my dampened spirits was the picture of the director and camera man in their bare feet. For twelve successive days I have risen at six a. m., hopped into an automobile at seven, ridden fifty miles to the "location," worked all day, left at six-thirty, back in town by eight, had a bite and was in bed by nine. And once for a week I was snowed in on a mountaintop. We were after the famine scenes from "Hiawatha." When they buried *Minnehaha* (which part I played) in the snow, there was no camouflage about the scene. As it kept on snowing and we had to get back to work in Los Angeles, the only way out was to walk, which we did, down the mountain seven miles to the train.

"Two Tough Tenderfeet"

Being the Adventures of Polly Moran, Ben Turpin and Charlie Lynn in a New Paramount - Mack Sennett Comedy

IN a poker game, after you have lost all your money, you can still bet your watch. But it is just as well to make sure it isn't the watch you have just lifted from the other fellow, otherwise serious complications may follow.

That's what Charlie Lynn did, and as a result Charlie and Ben landed on their ears from the back of a Pullman train in the middle of a hot and thirsty desert. Charlie hit the biggest rock, for all through the story it was he who drew the gritty end of things. Ben just fell into everything, including love. Now, Ben and Charlie were tough birds. They were so crooked, the very jails were ashamed of them. They were so tough that the mirrors cracked when they passed by. But when they fell off that train into the desert, they landed on some experiences that made them as tame as wood doves.

Polly Moran, the famous Girl Sheriff, made a decided hit with Ben, who, with the help of the ever-present Charlie, managed to save her from the wiles of Bert Roach, owner of the town and would-be owner of the Sheriff. For some of the humorous details of the adventures of the "Two Tough Tenderfeet," see our Spectacular Film in Ten Parts on the sides of the page.



"Five aces are too many."



Experiences that made them tame as wood doves.



"Take the bird away or he'll eat it!"



"I will save you, girl!"



FARAMOUNT-SENNETT

"Haste, noble steed, and away to her rescue!"



Packing all his troubles.



Ben in the safe, "listens in."



"You may fire when ready, Gridley."



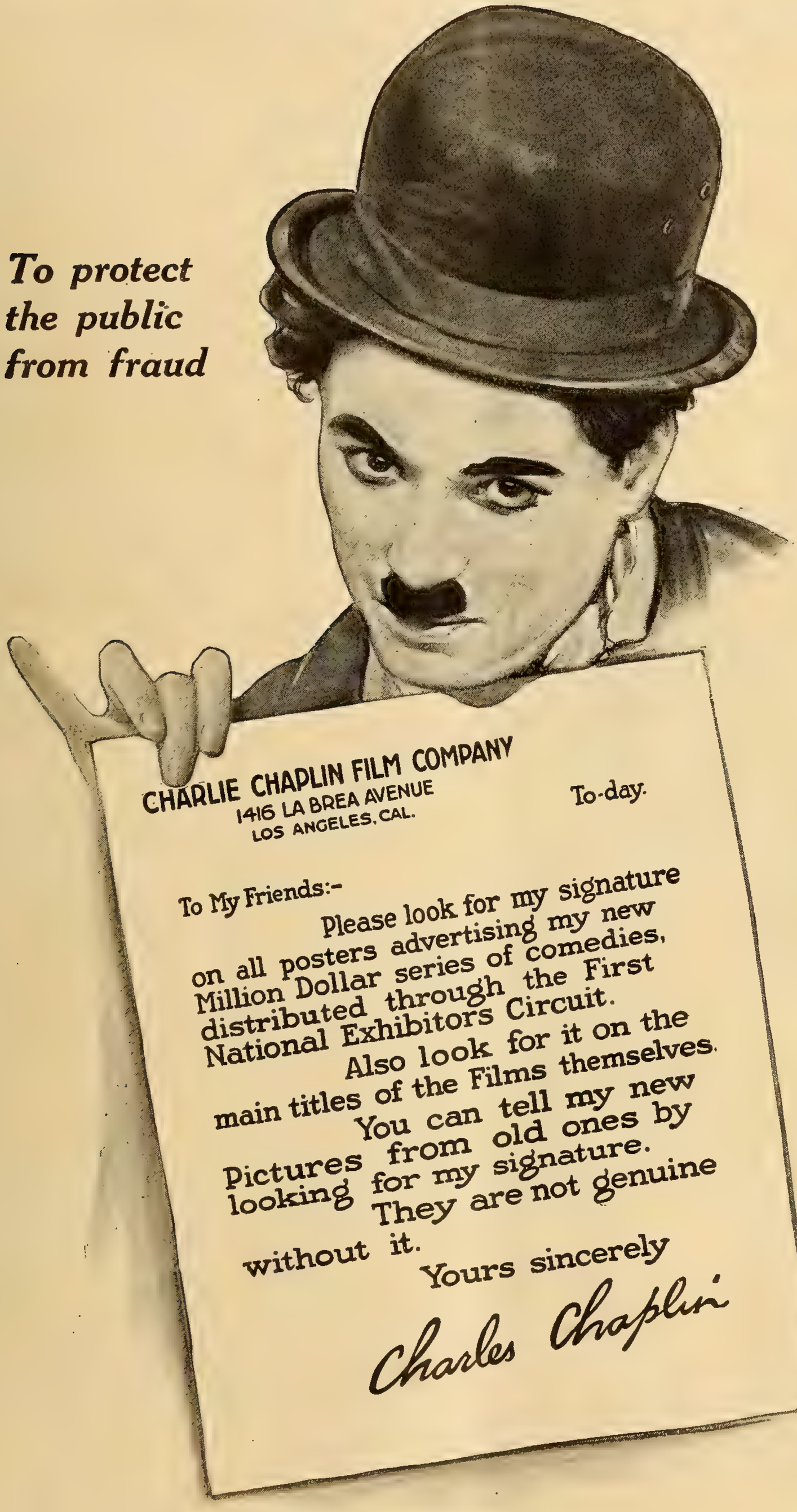
Ben interrupts a proposal of marriage.



And "all's well that ends well."

A letter from Charlie Chaplin

To protect the public from fraud



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The "Letters of a Self-Made Failure"

ran serially for ten weeks in Leslie's and were quoted by more than 200 publications. If you sit in "the driver's seat," or merely plod along beside the wagon, whether you are a success or think yourself a failure, you will find this book full of hope, help and the right kind of inspiration.

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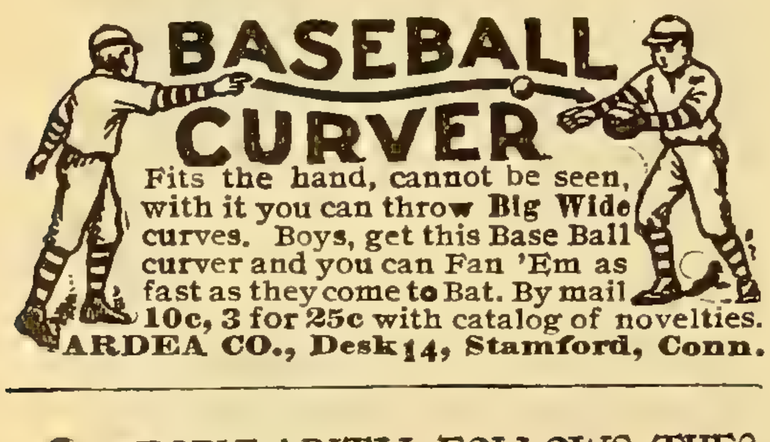
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You just simply mail me a money order for $8.90. To insure good faith you take this machine and give it ten days' trial; if satisfied, mail me the remaining $4.50 and the machine is yours; if you are dissatisfied return machine to me, and your $89.0 together with express charges, will promptly be refunded. Send order today, you can't lose, to

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Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Rex Publishers, Box 175, C-15, Chicago

Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from a previous page)

pass in this way. About the time that Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers was disbanded, three companies, including the colonel, came up to Monterey. Soon after the soldiers attempted a theatrical exhibition, which was a success. Encouraged by the liberal patronage, the managers induced Jack to fix seats, stage and scenery in the old adobe. The bills were got out in due form, posters printed with a blacking pot and brush, and programs announcing "Putnam, or The Lion Son of '76," the first piece to be played. C. E. Bingham played *The Son*, Mrs. Bingham *Martha Washington*, and Charley Cluchester *George Washington*. The original curtain is still in place. It was built by a whaler, is of wood, about 10 by 8 feet, and is pulled up and held to the ceiling by a rope. Even the Metropolitan Opera House is to take over the movies for the summer months, but here, thought I, is one theater that has never shown a movie and never will. When I returned to my hotel that evening, however, there greeting me in the lobby was an announcement on the blackboard where the daily golf and polo information is put forth, stating: "Movies to-night at 8:30 in the Art Gallery. Mary Pickford, in 'Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley.'" So, after dinner, I "fell." I paid my 28 cents and saw Miss Pickford. I had not seen her for a long, long time and enjoyed her "Amarilly" quite as much as anything I have ever seen her do. It is a sweet, pretty story, well acted, directed and presented. Kate Price was irresistible as *The Mother*. The audience, composed mostly of golfers, gave evidence of their enjoyment.

The Motion Picture Press Agent in Wartime

(Continued from a previous page)

course, Miss De Bue, our company hasn't a great deal of money to spend for local advertising. . . . Yes, the home office, you know. . . . Yes, I suppose we could take a page. . . . I know it is a worthy cause. . . . I'll write the copy. . . . Yes. . . . Not at all. . . ."

The press agent reached for the registered message and read: "This is to notify you that your division of selected men in the National Army is summoned to depart from this city on March 1st. You will report at the Southern Pacific station, prepared to leave for Camp Lewis at 6 p. m. on that date. (Signed) Charles Fuhr, Chairman, District Board Number 13."

"Thank heaven!" murmured Mr. Pusher, as he thrust his half-finished copy into the waste basket. "Sherman said a mouthful, and he never saw a studio in wartime, either. I'm glad I'm going to the trenches!"

Heard in the Studio

Daughter—This new skirt is too short for me.

Mother—You needn't send it back; I'll wear it.

The Drama's Trend

Tragedian—You tell me, sirrah, that I am behind the times?

Manager—Yes. You come with me. I'm going to produce a screen version of "Ben-Hur," with motor cycles for the principals in the chariot race.

Old Stuff

"This camouflage is not new."

"Yes?"

"The Broadway restaurants have been using it on their menus for years."

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

No. 352—AUGUST, 1918

Single Copies, 10 Cents
Subscription by the Year, $1.00

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LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
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ADVERTISING OFFICES:

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FILM FUN is printed by The Williams Printing Company.

Will Nuxated Iron Help Make New Age of Healthier Women and Stronger, Sturdier Men?

City Physicians Say That By Enriching the Blood and Creating Thousands of New Red Blood Cells It Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous, Run-Down Folks in Two Weeks' Time in Many Instances.

SINCE the discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm, it is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen.

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, when interviewed on this subject, said: "There can be no sturdy iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

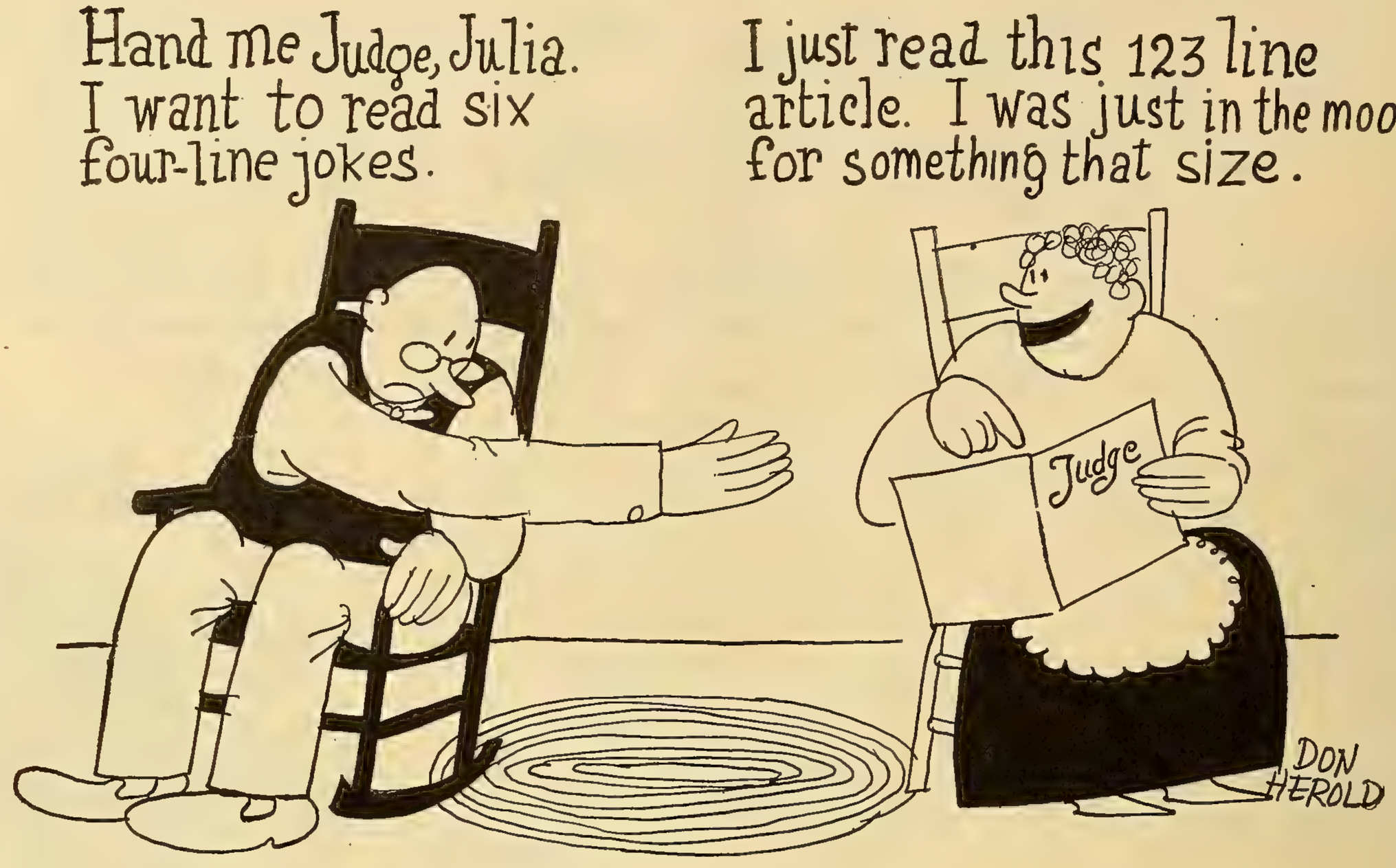
Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-Door Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "In my talks to physicians I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of their making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by physicians formerly connected with well-known hospitals thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases, to get a physician's prescription for organic iron — Nuxated Iron — or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."



If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.



Do you like your humor long or short?

There are just as many lengths of humor as there are kinds of humor.

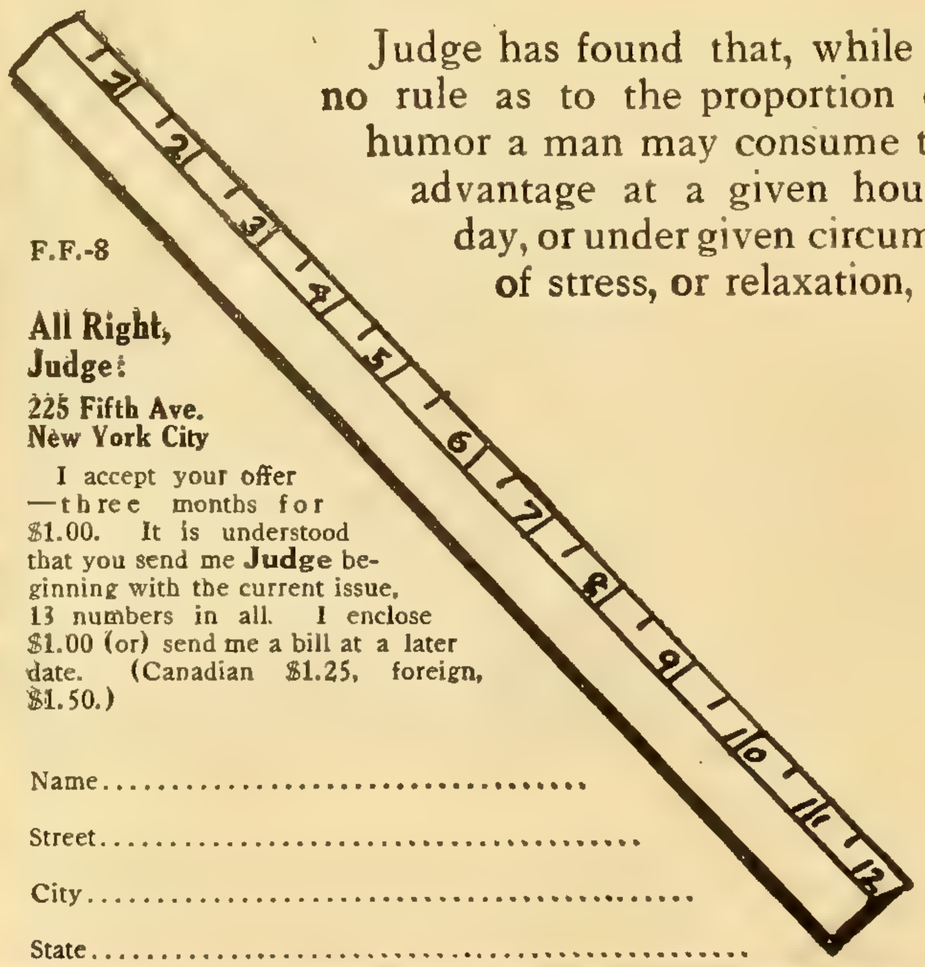
It is absolutely ridiculous for you to say you like long humor better than short humor, or short better than long. A great psychologist has said, "Sometimes people like their humor short and sometimes long."

Judge has, of course, gone into this matter very deeply.

Judge has found that, while there is no rule as to the proportion of long humor a man may consume to good advantage at a given hour of the day, or under given circumstances of stress, or relaxation, it is entirely possible to strike a law of averages. Judge has examined, in large white laboratories erected especially for this purpose, thousands of people, thin and fat, oozy optimists and purple pessimists, bright and half-bright, to determine how much long humor and short humor is good for an average normal subject over a week's time.

Judge is made up in this correct proportion of long, short and medium length humor every week.

Don't you feel in your own soul that Judge has about the right mixture? Don't judge hastily. Send a dollar for thirteen issues and give the subject the consideration it deserves.



F.F.-8

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I accept your offer —three months for $1.00. It is understood that you send me **Judge** beginning with the current issue, 13 numbers in all. I enclose $1.00 (or) send me a bill at a later date. (Canadian $1.25, foreign, $1.50.)

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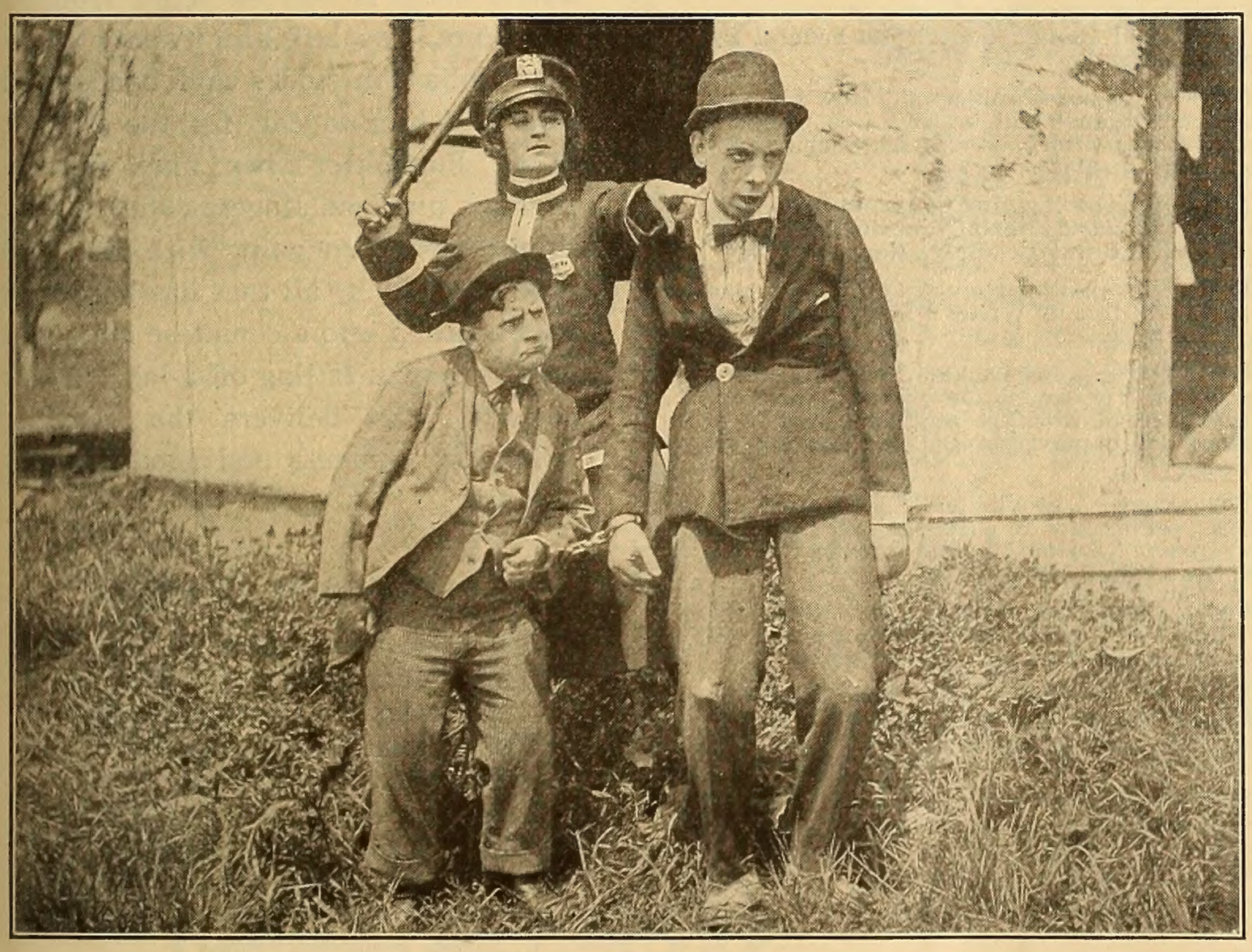
$500.00 for Criticisms of Moon Comedies

FIVE prizes of $100.00 each will be paid for criticisms of Moon Comedies —the full-of-fun films on up-to-date subjects. Read about them on this page, see them at your favorite motion picture theater and send in your criticisms, which may be based on the screen performance or the published synopsis of scenario. You may win with a criticism of one comedy, or you may send in a review of each as it is released, or, if you prefer, you can include as many as you wish to in one article. Your contribution should be as brief as you can make it. Censure, as well as praise, may win for you. Your full name and home address must be on the manuscript. Address "Contest Editor, Moon Comedies, care of Sunshine Films, Inc., 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, N. Y." The contest closes October 1st. Payment will be made October 15th, 1918.



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As a conductorette *Aggie* becomes bread winner for the family when her husband loses his job. "Duty" leads her through many strange and laughable adventures, with here and there a touch of romance and a spice of danger. The film ends with each member of the interesting family "doing his bit" to win the war.



"Their Downfall" might very well have been called the "four-bits worth of fun," because of the hairbreadth escapes a certain half dollar figures in. The play opens with two adventurers who have seen better days than this particular one on which a square meal seems the most to be desired of earthly blessings. They get it, and many a laugh as well by their clever juggling with circumstances, but when the "copette" comes into the picture, that's their downfall.



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Bust Reducer, $5.50
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McAdoo and Roosevelt Wear SERVICE BUTTONS
Wear one for **YOUR** boy. The size of Liberty Loan buttons, price 25 cents each. **SERVICE FLAGS** of beautiful silk, 50 cents each. The Kaiser's Prayer — "Hell's Protest" — on neat bond paper, price 25 cents. Views of U. S. Army Cantonments, sample 25 cents. Views of Alaska, 2 for 25 cents.
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$4.25 EACH paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856.
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SONG POEMS Write us words for a song. We will compose the music and facilitate free publication. Send verses on love, war or any subject. **Fairchild Music Co., 203 Broadway, Suite 17 K, New York**

Buyer's Guide for Film Fun Readers

You can learn a great deal about what you're thinking of buying by writing to the manufacturers for their catalogs—especially if you don't know of a convenient store where you can look at the goods themselves.

Most manufacturers publish complete catalogs about their products, and are glad to send these to any inquirer who is genuinely interested.

Even if you're not sure of buying right now, it's a good thing to send for the catalog and "read up" on it; then when you are ready to buy you'll be sure of buying the right product, and you'll know exactly the kind of service you can expect from it.

And frequently your finding out more about it *now* will make you want to get it a good deal sooner than you anticipated.

Here are some brief reminders typical of the variety of prospective purchases you can learn about through the advertising columns of FILM FUN:

Artists—Outfit offer and booklet on "How to become An Artist" sent free by Washington School of Art, 1341 H. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Artists—Terms on course on how to become an artist, and list of successful students sent free by Associated Art Studios, 82-B Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

Books—Circular of Information on W. E. Aughinbaugh's book, "Selling Latin America," sent free by Small, Maynard & Co., 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Books—Brunswick Subscription Co., 225 Fifth Ave., New York City, will send full particulars regarding special price and terms for complete works of Guy de Maupassant on request.

Bunion Relief—Foot Remedy Co., 3583 W. 26th St., Chicago, will send Fairyfoot remedy to you on trial, free.

Business Incorporation—Laws, blanks, and directions for incorporating your business in Arizona will be sent free upon request by Stoddard Incorporating Co., Box SM, Phoenix, Arizona.

Chalk Talk—Particulars, testimonials, and a sample evolution sent free by Clyde Truman, Room C, 1755 E. 55th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Health—A free booklet entitled "The What, the Why, and the Way of Internal Bathing" will be sent by Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., 134 W. 65th St., New York City.

Health—Free copyrighted books on "Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" sent by Alois P. Swoboda, 2103 Berkeley Bldg., New York City.

High School Course—Booklet and full particulars on a high school course that you can finish in two years sent free by American School of Correspondence, Dept. P. 1592, Chicago.

Homes—Harris Home Plan Book containing 100 modern Harris Home designs will be sent free upon request by Harris Brothers Co., Dept. FM 263, Chicago.

Lettering and Show Card Writing—Free booklet on this subject sent upon request by Litholia System of Lettering, Dept. 223 Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

Music—The story of Hawaiian Music will be sent free by The Hawaiian Institute of Music, 1400M Broadway, New York City.

Music—A booklet and wonderful tuition offer on learning to play the cornet will be sent by International Cornet School, 670 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Music—A 64 page booklet on "How to Learn Piano or Organ" will be sent free by M. L. Quinn Conservatory, Studio ZS, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Music—Free book giving facts and particulars on learning music at home sent by U. S. School of Music, 327 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Photo Plays—Full particulars on writing photoplays sent free by Writer's Service, Dept. 28, Auburn, N. Y.

Photo Plays—A free booklet of valuable information on writing motion picture plays, and special prize offer will be sent upon request by Chicago Photo-playright College, Box 278-G28, Chicago.

Photo Plays—A booklet on "Successful Photoplays," telling how to write such plays, will be sent free by National Photoplay Sales Co., Box 422, Des Moines, Iowa.

Photo Plays—Free booklet on "Photoplay Writing" sent by Midland Motion Picture Co., Box 469, Des Moines, Ia., upon request.

Short Stories—Photo Plays—Free booklet on "How to Write" sent upon request by Hoosier Institute, Short Story Dept., Desk 1593, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Story and Movie Play Writing—A little book of money-making hints, suggestions, etc., sent free by Writer's Service, Dept. 28, Auburn, N.Y.

Tricks—A small catalog on tricks will be sent free by Hornmann Magic Co., Sta. 5, 470-8th Ave., New York City.

Tricks—Puzzles, jokes, magic goods for home or professional use. Free catalog—Oaks Magic Co., Dept. 518, Oshkosh, Wis.

Typewriters—The Oliver Typewriter, formerly $100, now $40. De Luxe catalog and book "The High Cost of Typewriters—the Reason and the Remedy" free from The Oliver Typewriter Co., 1044 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

A Moving Picture Scenario

The Uncertainties of Life

I

BUSINESS office of Gayboy & Co. Jim Gladhand enters and asks Gayboy for the fifty dollars he owes him. Doesn't expect it, but is handed the money in crisp bank notes. Exits overwhelmed by emotion.

II

Drawing-room of Miss Charmer. Gladhand, very much smitten, calls, determined to press his suit. Doesn't expect to be greeted very cordially, but is encouraged by Miss Charmer's smiles and is finally accepted. Exits very much agitated.

III

Office of the *Highbrow Magazine.* Gladhand, who is a disciple of the Muses, enters with a "little thing" he has turned out. Expects to be turned down, but after the manuscript is read is effusively treated by the editor and is handed a check. Exits with a fluttering heart.

IV

Bachelor apartment of Jim Gladhand. Gladhand returns and finds a letter from a legal firm, informing him that an uncle, whom he has not heard from in ten years, has left him twenty thousand dollars in stocks and bonds, and directing him to call for the stuff at once. Puts letter down, much moved. Lights a pipe and lingers over the way things have been going with him, and is so shocked by all that has happened that he falls into a comatose state and dies as easy as falling off a log. Enter coroner, who delivers the verdict: Killed by kindness and good fortune. Curtain.

A Modern Achilles

A bet was overlooked
When Percy wasn't booked
To sail across the Drink and meet
The foeman face to face.
Because to him a shot
In any vital spot
Would faze him not a particle
Nor leave a single trace.

For this immortal Goof
Is truly bullet-proof;
They shoot him several times a week
In every town he goes.
And still he's on the job,
Serenely up he'll bob,
For Percy is the villain in
The moving picture shows.

Save the *Thoughtless* Dollars

"I got the sweetest hat today. And, my dear, of course, I didn't really need it, but—"

* * * *

"What if it is only a few blocks? Here, taxi!"

* * * *

"I know I'd feel a lot better if I ate less, but I simply must have a big order of—"

* * * *

Over there in the Picardy mud, pock-marked with significant craters and "plum-caked" with unspeakable things that once were men, our soldiers can't hear all that some of us are saying. Good that they can't, isn't it? It wouldn't make it any easier to stand firm against those blood-crazed, grey hordes who come on wave after wave because they believe their Kaiser is "God's anointed shepherd of the German people."

* * * *

It isn't that we Americans are a selfish people. We have simply been thoughtless.

Money is needed to win this war—let's give it. So far, we have been asked only to lend—to lend at a good round 4% interest. Turn your THOUGHTLESS dollars into War Savings Stamps.

NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE,
WASHINGTON

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

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This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

PUBLISHERS OF FILM FUN



Are You Too Wise to be Natural?

BEEN seeing good pictures? Want to be sure you're going to keep on seeing them? Easy.

Both Paramount and Artcraft trade-marks have come to mean so much to so many millions that the words "photoplays" are almost superfluous.

Paramount and Artcraft are *that* fine—in stars, in direction and in character.

* * *

Ever wish you could forget all the fol-de-rol of dinner coats and calling cards and that sort of thing? And get a bunch of corn silk and soft-foot it behind that big rock—and light up with Joey, your particular pal. And get sick and everything?

Or, are you too wise to be natural—are you afraid to play hookey from yourself?

You're not? Good enough. Then you've kept your grip on the greatest thing in life.

And the spirit of play, of make-believe, is what lets you go on, day in and out, forgetting those practical, prosaic things that hold your nose to the grindstone.

It's no secret at all—the gate to the great playground.

You'll find it on the screen of the modern motion picture theatre—the theatre that advertises and shows the motion pictures of the American family—Paramount and Artcraft pictures. Paramount and Artcraft pictures are the *better* pictures of the motion picture art—supreme in stars, masterly in direction, superb in mounting and discriminating and authoritative in the literature and drama they visualize.

* * *

You, too, can see and enjoy Paramount and Artcraft pictures—they are made for you. There is a theatre near you that shows them because *your* kind of people want them.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

Three Ways to Know *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

one By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"